

MRS. HAWKINS MURDERED BY HER SON.

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RICHARD K. FOX,
Editor and Proprietor.

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MEN'S CLOTHES UNDER HER SKIRTS.

THE PECULIAR SORT OF STUFF MRS. MARIE MEHLBACH-DUFFY TRIED TO SMUGGLE FROM THE STEAMER WIELAND.



RICHARD K. FOX, Editor and Proprietor.

POLICE GAZETTE PUBLISHING HOUSE,
Franklin Square, N. Y.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 15, 1887.

\$50 REWARD.

I will pay \$50 for the arrest and conviction of the rascal who, under the name of W. or M. Slater, is without authority collecting subscriptions to my publications.

RICHARD K. FOX.

THE AMERICAN CHAMPION.

By the time the number in which this article is printed shall have appeared on the streets, Richard K. Fox will have returned from Europe crowned with the success which always follows all his undertakings. What he sets out to do, he always accomplishes, and the ratification of the great international pugilistic contest between Jake Kilrain, champion of America, and Jem Smith, premier representative of Great Britain's prowess, has formed no exception to the invariable rule.

Now that Mr. Fox is on the high seas, homeward bound to the country which he most esteems on earth, and of whose marvelous journalism he is such a wonderful example, it is only just and proper that we should recapitulate what he has done, and enter in a condensed form upon the records of the ring every step and every development which has preceded the great match.

In the first place, when Richard K. Fox made up his mind that the international championship should be fought for and decided under his auspices, John L. Sullivan was the accepted champion of the United States. It was no empty title of compliment, for he had won it in battle from Paddy Ryan and wore it, as Ryan had, subject to all challenges properly made good.

Sullivan, then being in the hands of ill-advisers, declined to meet the English champion in the ring, giving one excuse and another. Disappointed, therefore, in his efforts to pit the protagonist of America against the Briton, Mr. Fox cast about for a man who should acquire Sullivan's title, and after winning it, defend it against the Englishman. Thus it came about that after due deliberation he chose Jake Kilrain to do battle with Sullivan and wrest from him the right to represent America in an international contest.

As everybody knows by this time, still in the hands of evil counsellors, Sullivan preferred to let Kilrain claim the title by default, declining, for reasons best known to himself, to meet the new aspirant in real fight.

Vainly did Richard K. Fox and Jake Kilrain try to induce Sullivan to let the latter win the title by his prowess. The whole country almost besought the champion not to weaken, but to strike at least one blow for his laurels.

Sullivan, however, would not, and thus Kilrain became the champion of America, pronounced such by the sporting journals of England and America alike.

Having thus got a champion who would fight for his country's colors, instead of barn-storming round the provinces as a catch-penny means of support to a broken-down gambler, Richard K. Fox took ship to London and there put up his good American money to bind what will be the greatest prize fight of modern times.

It is a pity to have to record the fact that the American champion, gallant fellow and good man that he is, has been back-capped and defrauded by a malice which, if it had as much influence as it has venom, would be a public scandal and grievance to every patriot. Foiled in his efforts to exchange the dark mysteries of the faro-bank for the straightforward methods of the ring, Patsy Seedy, spurned by John L. Sullivan, his only support for months, and loathed by all true sporting men, is hard at work here through his newspaper agents and in person in London, aspersing and injuring the credit of America's champion. Venal scribblers, in unholy alliance with him, echo his false and cowardly slanders. Personally, he goes so far as to say that he will do his best to help Smith "down" the brave and modest gladiator who represents America.

Let all this be remembered and when Richard K. Fox returns triumphant, let the acclamations which greet him be wedded to such curses and denunciations of Pat Seedy, the fugitive from his own failures, as echo forever in American hearts when one incautiously mentions the abhorrent and detested names of Judas Iscariot and Benedict Arnold.

STAGE SKIMMINGS.

CECIL RALEIGH and his charming wife, Mrs. Effie Raleigh, sailed for Europe last Saturday on the German steamer Fulda. Before leaving Mr. Raleigh expressed himself as being highly gratified with the kindly manner he has been received in this country, and also at the successful production of his play, "The Great Pink Pearl," at the Lyceum theatre. While Mr. Raleigh's stay in this country has been excessively short, he has been here long enough to realize the fact that there is a splendid opening for him with his plays in America, and I understand that he will immediately commence work on a melodrama the principal scenes of which will be laid in the vicinity of New York. It will be somewhat of a novelty for an English author to write a local American play.

AS A RULE, the most ill-used man connected with a theatrical company is the gentleman known as "musical director." He is, in almost every instance, a patient, good-natured German, who is vaguely called "Professor," and who gets a small fraction of his salary once every two months. Occasionally even the Dutch worm will turn on those who tread on him.



Last week one of these "Professors" made up his mind to try and collect a small portion of his overdue salary from a star who resides in a fine flat uptown. The lady wasn't in. But that made no difference to the no longer patient musician. Hastily grabbing a piece of bric-a-brac from the drawing-room cabinet, he left a note which read as follows:

DEAR MISS—Dot blate wot I have took will be goot for life thollars. I vill give you der credit therefor.

HEER

A SPECIAL ATTRACTION in the shape of a marriage awaits the patrons of the Buckingham theatre this evening. Elaborate preparations have been made to render the occasion memorable. The contracting parties are Mr. Edwin Elroy and Miss Agnes Fuller. Mr. Elroy is the manager of the Stetson Burlesque Company, and Miss Fuller is prominently represented in the cast of "Adonis." Both enjoy a wide acquaintance in theatrical circles, and are popular wherever known. The marriage ceremony will be performed during the intermission between the first part and the olio. It is not yet known who will tie the nuptial knot, although it is probable that Judge W. B. Hoke will be called upon. The stage will be attractively dressed as befits the occasion. Mr. Frank Bolton is managing this part of the programme, and no detail will be neglected to make the scene brilliant and effective. Last evening the following ladies, who are members of the Stetson Company, were selected as bridesmaids: Misses Irene Fuller, sister of the bride, Flossy White, Minnie Davis, Jessie May and Viola Ray. They will be in evening costume. The groom's best men will be Messrs. Charles Crosby, John C. Leach and Fritz Young. In the rear of the stage will be grouped the members of the chorus and ballet. Col. Savage, the popular manager of the Buckingham, has consented to give the bride away. Floral offerings will be numerous. After the performance a reception, accompanied by a serenade, will be tendered the bridal party and their friends in the parlors of the Bolton restaurant. Miss Viola Ray, the midjet, has kindly consented to render a solo, "Clara Nolan's Ball," upon this occasion. Prof. Edouard Morebach will furnish a violin obligato, and altogether music will form a pleasing feature. The bride to be has been on the road two seasons with the Stetson company, and as a vocalist has few superiors in the vaudeville arena. In the part of *Talamea*, which she takes in "Adonis," Miss Fuller gives evidence of considerable dramatic strength. She is in love with the profession, and marriage will not interrupt her stage plans. Next week she will be in Chicago on a brief visit to her parents, and after that she will rejoin the Stetson company. Miss Fuller is a blonde, petite in appearance, and withal quite pretty. She claims to be a distant relative of Sir John McDonald, the Canadian statesman. Mr. Elroy has an experience of thirteen years on the stage, and during that time has been connected with some of the leading organizations of the country. A year ago, when he took charge of the Stetson company, he met Miss Fuller and fell in love with her at first sight. Her parents were petitioned for consent, but not until a few days ago did they signify approval.—*Louisville Courier-Journal*, Oct. 1.

In regard to the above, a special from Louisville, Oct. 3, says: Edwin Elroy, manager of the Stetson Burlesque company, which played last night at the Buckingham theatre here, is in jail with four other actors of his company on bail writs for board. Having no money they will go before a magistrate to-morrow, take the insolvent debtor's oath and be released. Elroy was married to Agnes Fuller, an actress in his company, last night on the stage. They had scarcely got home from the performance before the writs were served, and he left his bride for the jail. She awaits him at a cheap hotel.

A FRIEND WRITES: The "Wild West" people are not yet decided what they will do at the close of their exhibition in London on the 31st of October. It is doubtful whether they will go to the Continent. Agents from Paris represent that city as a good field for this American show, but it is found that no suitable place can be secured before next June, so it is very doubtful if Cody and Nate Salsbury go there. It is not improbable that they will return to America. They have made a very handsome sum of money, and can retire from the European field with a splendid profit and reputation and great success. At present they do not feel inclined to risk their money and their success on the Continent. Colonel Cody has an independent fortune and a well-stocked ranch in the West, and he is inclined to go back there and rest. His season in England has worn upon him. He is looking very thin and tired. Undoubtedly his social duties have told upon him more than his regular work. He has recently been interviewed in one of the French papers. This French reporter described him as a former officer in the United States Army and an ex-member of Congress. Nate Salsbury, his partner,

is the business man of the establishment. He looks even better than when he first came to England. He has not attempted to shine as a social star. He has lived quietly at the camp, looking after the financial affairs of the firm. He acts as host to special visitors who come with letters of introduction. His old training as an actor has made him master of a number of dialects. I never realized how great were his resources in this way till I heard him talking with a Highlander, using Scotch dialect and now and then turning and correcting his Scotch friend on his own ground. The funniest part of it was, the Scotchman admitted that Salsbury spoke the superior dialect, and was more direct than he.

LESTER WALLACK, the actor, hobbled into the witness chair before Judge Hyatt, of the City Court, the other day, with the assistance of a cane. He looked rather feeble and his gray hair seemed brighter than ever in contrast with his moustache, which is rather dark. Mr. Wallack, with Theodore Moss, is the defendant in a suit brought by T. Henry French, of the Grand opera house, to recover the value of a note for \$1,500 made by the actor and endorsed by Mr. Moss, payment of which has been refused. The note had been given as a first payment for royalties for the play "Sister Mary." Mr. Wallack alleged that the representations upon which he had been induced by Mr. French to buy the play were untrue, and that the play had been returned. The Judge reserved decision.

FRANCIS WILSON, the comedian, being of a money-making turn, has hired out to a rival manager his services during vacation time, and as these services are said to be worth all the way from \$250 to \$400 a week a good deal of a stir is being made over his disposition to be thrifty. A harsher term is applied to his action, but Wilson has a reply, and as it reveals the intimate association in his case of distinguished artistic ability with a marked capacity for business it deserves to be quoted. "I have," says he, "in the course of a somewhat varied career ascertained that it is necessary for a man to look after himself in this world, and I have got to play the part or wear gray hair all the rest of my life." Because Mr. Wilson isn't the man to sacrifice his own interests in a little stroke of business he will be thought all the more of by more than one who finds it "necessary for a man to look after himself in this world."

IF HARD WORK merits success, says a critic, Mrs. Langtry should be the most successful actress in the country. She is the most indefatigable worker I ever encountered. She has a by no means insignificant idea of her own abilities in any direction she may choose to exercise them, and when she is preparing for a new play she selects her furniture herself, and looks after all the stage fixings, bosses the property maker and keeps the scene painters and stage carpenters busy. While she was rehearsing "As in a Looking Glass" she was spending all her spare time buying stuff for it and fussing over its preparation. When she was not buying things for her play she was shopping for herself. At the dress rehearsal last Sunday night she went about between the acts with her magnificent costumes protected by an ample apron, and kept the stage hands in training. She is what the sailors would call a "driver," but she is good-hearted and good-humored when her nerves are all right, and so finds willing workers. When she is out of sorts a sore-headed grizzly would, I am told, make a good twin sister for her in temper.

MILT BARLOW, the negro minstrel, is still filling out his time in Ludlow street jail, and all his efforts to obtain a release appear to be unavailing. It is an iniquitous law, it seems to me, that will keep a man locked up in prison in order to force him to pay a certain sum of money which he is not able to pay. I cannot possibly conceive how Milt Barlow will ever be able to improve his condition as long as he is kept locked up in Ludlow street jail.

THE VERY CLEVER Myrtle Kingsland is going on the road this season with her "Willowispere" droll and dainty entertainment. The lady will have the energy and ability of Charles Hazleton, the widely-known theatrical manager, to look out for her welfare on her tour.

THERE ARE debuts and debuts. The other evening I learned that a new "diva" was going to make a positively first appearance in a Bowery music hall. I dropped in and, as the French say, "assisted" at the ceremony. The lady was a gorgeous creature who weighed at least two hundred pounds. She was welcomed with much enthusiasm and beer. I am not ashamed to say that I contributed quite a good deal of both—none the less willingly because she happened to be recently attached to the dramatic and operatic professions as one of the favorite laundresses of the Casino corps de ballet.

I AM SORRY to see that Madame de Naucaze, the very charming English woman who is playing at the Lyceum Theatre in the Great Pink Pearl, has already drifted into our wicked American ways and is advertising herself rather extensively over the loss of a satchel containing some valuable property amounting to about \$800. Madame de Naucaze's statuesque beauty and refined manners rather gave me the impression that she was a cut above this sort of thing, but you see once in a while our most cherished idols are shattered. I sincerely hope she will not carry this any further, however. She is quite charming, and clever enough to travel on her own merits, and to leave clap-trap advertising severely alone.

THEY TELL rather a good story on Imre Kiralfy. He took in the Lyceum theatre one night last week without a programme, and sat the entire performance through, commencing with "Editha's Burglar," and winding up with "The Great Pink Pearl."

"Just like one of my plays," he said to Dan Frohman as he left the theatre.

"How's that?"

"Der brologue has got nothings whatever to do mit der rest of der piece."

WOODEN SPOON.

OUR PICTURES.

The Darkey Got Hurt.

A correspondent writes from Gunnison, Col., Sept. 23: One of our saloon keepers here hired Ed Graves (a coon) to put on a mask and stand in a barrel with his head sticking out for the boys to throw eggs at. It was three throws for a quarter, and the prize was fifty cents if you hit the coon. All went well until one of the cowboys struck the coon in the mouth, and then, as he spat out the remnants of the stale egg, you could hear the yells for miles around.

She Likes to Kiss.

There is a female patient in the Hudson County Insane Asylum at Snake Hill, N. J., whom the men visitors to the institution dislike to meet. She is Mary McLaughlin, a young woman, who has been an inmate of the asylum since she was a little girl. She is half-witted, and aside from her having an ungovernable desire to kiss men she is perfectly harmless. She is always on the alert, and any man who gets within her reach has got to struggle very hard to prevent being kissed. Many prominent men have left the asylum with the imprint of her lips upon their cheeks. One day not long ago ex-Mayor Olivar, of Bayonne, as a member of the grand jury, was making a tour of inspection of the institution, when the young woman stole up behind him, and throwing her arms around his neck, hugged and kissed him. Mr. Olivar, who is about sixty years old, blushed like a boy.

A Policeman Shoots Himself.

A special from Baltimore, September 26, says: Night Policeman Bradley, of the Central Station, returned to his home early this morning in the best of spirits. He was met at the door by his wife, with whom, it is said, he had some angry words. The two went to their bedroom, where the alleged quarrel was renewed. A few minutes later Mrs. Bradley screamed murder, which quickly brought to her side all the other boarders in the house. A sickening sight met their eyes. On the bed lay Policeman Bradley with two bullet holes in his head and his face almost indistinguishable by the blood which covered it. He was still alive and medical aid was summoned, but he died before it arrived. Mrs. Bradley asserts that her husband was killed by the accidental discharge of his revolver, which, she said, he was cleaning at the time, but there are others who think it is a case of suicide brought about by domestic troubles. Bradley was an excellent officer.

Done Up by Dizzy Blondes.

A special from Canajoharie, Sept. 26, says: Duncan Clark, manager of Clark's Female Minstrels, will probably not visit the Mohawk valley again very soon. He was arrested in Utica for conducting an immoral show, in Herkimer and Little Falls he found the opera houses for which his agent had contracted barred against him, and this morning he was severely pounded by members of his company at the Palatine Bridge depot. He endeavored to leave some of the troupe without paying them, and the result was that men and women, seven in number, attacked him in the depot and pounded him most unmercifully. The troupe boarded a train for Johnstown, but only got as far as Fonda, where another free fight was indulged in. Clark's chief assailants were Lew Reynolds, Wm. Gallagher, A. M. Devere and several women. It is said Clark was cut with a sword by one of the women. At Fonda the troupe were all placed under arrest. Clark is reported dangerously hurt. He is well known in New York theatrical circles.

They Had to Give In.

A special from Knoxville, Tenn., September 27, says: For some reason the full particulars of the mutiny of the convicts at Coal Creek cannot be obtained. The Knoxville Iron Company is very reticent about the affair. Inspector Burrows has returned from the mines and says the troubles have been settled. He says that last Thursday at the dinner hour the convicts refused to leave the mines. They claimed that the food was so bad and the tasks so heavy that they could no longer endure it, and that they would remain in the mines until better fare and more human treatment were promised. The guards would promise nothing and the convicts refused to move an inch. Then, it is said, the guards fired into the men, wounding several negroes; but this is denied. Friday afternoon the convicts yielded. The closing of the ventilation shaft drove them to the mouth of the mine, and there they crowded around the opening, fighting among themselves for front seats. They endured the most excruciating torture before giving up, and it is said that several of them were entirely exhausted when they surrendered.

Afloat in Sewage.

A special from Philadelphia, Sept. 26, says: A number of the ancestors of Judge Craig Biddle lie buried on the south side of St. Peter's churchyard at Third and Pine streets in this city. Close to the church is the Wharton Public School. Through the defective drainage of the school-house the graves and vaults have been recently flooded and the school closed, on complaint of the Judge, not to be reopened until a corps of plumbers have mended matters. When Sexton Taylor opened the Biddle vault a few days ago he found it filled with water. It is a large vault, extending back from the wall about fifteen feet and is fully twenty feet deep.

Fragments of coffins, which had become disjoined, were floating about on the murky surface. Buckets were brought and the water bailed out, but the next day the vault filled again and an investigating architect traced the leak to the school-house. He found that not a bit of the drainage from the school went into the sewer, but that it found its way into the vaults to mingle with the bones of some of the most aristocratic of Philadelphia who lie buried there.

ABE SPITZ.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Elsewhere we produce an excellent picture of Mr. Abe Spitz, who has made such a brilliant success the past season as manager of Barlow Bros. & Frost's Minstrels. Abe is one of the brightest and most genial managers on the road.

CATARRH CURED.

A clergyman, after years of suffering from that loathsome disease, Catarrh, and vainly trying every known remedy, at last found a prescription which completely cured and saved him from death. Any sufferer from this dreadful disease sending a self-addressed stamped envelope to Prof. J. A. Lawrence, 212 East 9th St., New York, will receive the recipe free of charge.



THIS WICKED WORLD.

Samples of Man's Duplicity
and Woman's Worse
Than Weakness.



Hughes Hallett, M. P.

The London social and political world has received a severe shock by the revolting accusations which have been brought by the *Pall Mall Gazette* against Col. Hughes-Hallett, M. P., who in 1882 married the beautiful Miss Emily Schomberg of Philadelphia. For some weeks past it has been rumored in Clubland that the honorable and gallant member for Rochester was swimming in troubled waters, with every prospect of coming to grief. But even his worst enemies were little prepared for the fearful charges which have been advanced against him with such crushing circumstantiality by the *Pall Mall Gazette*.

According to the story printed in this paper, in 1871 Col. Hughes-Hallett married the widow of the late Lord Justice Selwyn. Lady Selwyn had two children by her first husband, with whom, on the death of their mother and her marriage with Miss Schomberg, the Colonel remained on friendly and intimate terms. One of these children is Captain Charles William Selwyn, the member of Parliament for Wisbech, Cambridgeshire. The other is a beautiful young lady of twenty-four, with whom Col. Hughes-Hallett is accused of sinning against all social conventions and natural laws.

The intrigue was discovered some weeks ago at a country house where both were staying. The matter was immediately brought to the notice of the young lady's brother, who, on looking into her accounts, found that the Colonel had also made free with her fortune, amounting to some £20,000, which she had inherited from her father. The money was immediately made good, however, and in an interview with First Lord of the Treasury W. H. Smith and Mr. Akers Douglas, the Tory whip, it is said that Col. Hughes-Hallett succeeded in convincing them that he was guiltless of any malversation of money.

The *Pall Mall Gazette* adds that six months hence the unfortunate young girl is expected to become a mother by her stepfather.

The name of Col. Hughes-Hallett is familiar to many people, partly on account of the prominent part which he has taken in the American exhibition in London, but chiefly on account of his marriage a few years ago with Miss Emily Schomberg, a lady who during the twenty-five or thirty years preceding that event was one of the most noted belles and leaders of society in Philadelphia.

In 1875 Lady Selwyn died, and owing to the unusually strict settlements made at the time of the marriage, the sorrowing widower found himself, financially speaking, in a position but little better than that previous to his marriage. Three or four years later he met the wealthy Philadelphia beauty, who, like him, had a strongly developed taste for private theatricals. A friendship begun on the boards of the amateur stage soon ripened into a stronger feeling, and after an exceedingly brief period of engagement the wedding took place in Europe.

Lieut.-Col. Hughes-Hallett (for by this time his service with the volunteers had brought him a kind of left-handed promotion) lost no time in establishing himself in London with his wife and mother-in-law. Thanks to his wife's fortune, he was able to pitch his tent in one of the best houses of the South Kensington District and throw open his doors to the London world.

Dinner parties, private theatricals, bazaars, picnics succeeded each other in rapid succession, and at length the gallant Colonel's unceasing attentions to the press and to the various members of the ruling faction of the Carlton Club were rewarded by his being selected by the Tory Central Committee to stand as the Conservative candidate for Rochester.

Unfortunately, Col. Hughes-Hallett did not prove sufficiently grateful for the successes which his wife's money and talents had alone enabled him to obtain.

Two years ago an unpleasant scandal took place at one of the newly-constituted clubs in Pall Mall. Taking advantage of the fact that lady guests were admitted, he ventured to bring to supper there one of the frail sisterhood. In consequence of this outrageous insult towards the other ladies present in the club at the time, he was requested to leave the premises at once, and subsequently to resign.

CAPTURED RIVER PIRATES.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

A special dispatch from Cairo, Ill., Sept. 26, says: The town of Hickman, Ky., was thrown into a fever of excitement Saturday evening over the arrest of two men, who had come down the river in a shanty boat. The arrest was made by authority of a telegram sent by city Marshal Mahanny, of this city, who had reason to believe that the men had stolen three new anchors, which had disappeared mysteriously from the levee here. A few nights before the men had anchored their boat out in the river near Hickman, gone ashore in a skiff and were taking in the town with a cane-rack and other devices.

When arrested one of the men begged to be permitted

to go to the boat and take possession of some valuables he claimed to have there, offering to let any number of men go with him to keep guard over him. The sheriff agreed to the proposition, and sent three men with the prisoner in a skiff. Arriving at the shanty boat all got aboard. The prisoner searched about among a lot of traps for a few moments, and then suddenly confronted his captors with a cocked Smith and Wesson in each hand leveled at them.

"These are the valuables I was looking for, gentlemen," said he, "how do you like them? Now you can either go down to Memphis with me in this boat or you can take that skiff and go back to Hickman."

The three captors concluded to go back home, leaving their prisoner of a few moments before to cut the rope that held his boat and float down the river. In the meantime the whole town had gathered on the river bank, and when they learned what had occurred they rushed down to head off the boat, making loud threats of lynching.

Aroused by the anger of the populace, the Sheriff's posse determined to take their man, and, having armed themselves with Winchester, gave chase. The fugitive stood on the boat quietly watching the proceedings as he floated slowly down stream, but a shot from one of the pursuer's guns, which struck the boat and sent the splinters flying around his head, brought him to time and he surrendered. He and his partner were brought to this city this morning by Marshal Mahanny and lodged in the county jail. The boat is a handsome craft. The anchors they had stolen from here were thrown overboard during the excitement at Hickman, but there remain on the boat two other anchors, and thirteen coils of 2½ and 3-inch rope, weighing about 2,000 pounds. A new skiff, painted red inside, a crescent at the bow and double oar locks was also in their possession. The fellows came down the Mississippi river, and say they are from St. Louis, but will not give their names. They are both young and prepossessing in appearance.

GONE WITH A COON.

Lillian Morris Runs Away With Her Colored Instructor.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

A special from Hammonville, Pa., Sept. 26, says: Lillian Morris, the pretty and accomplished daughter of Sanford Morris, eloped last night with Ralph Williams, a colored professor of music, from whom she has been receiving instruction during the past week or ten days. The young lady was in a most cheerful mood all day Sunday, and as usual entertained Mr. Wilson Norris, the gentleman to whom she was engaged, in the evening. He bade her good night at 10 o'clock, and she immediately retired to her room. The first intimation her parents had of what happened thereafter was communicated by Jennie Wagner, who had always been a constant companion and bosom friend of Lillian's, and to whom she confided most of her secrets. Miss Wagner lives a short distance from the Morris family, and arose at about 6 o'clock this morning. Upon coming down stairs she beheld an unsealed letter addressed to herself lying near the door, under which it had evidently been slipped. Tremulously she picked it up and read as follows:

DEAR JENNIE: The receipt of this note may surprise you, but it need not. You know what an unhappy girl I have been for the past year, and though you thought lightly of it, I told you I would do something desperate rather than marry Wilson Norris. I have nothing but abhorrence for him, and if he had one principle of honor or one feeling of humanity he would cease to torment me by his unwelcome visits. Papa insists that I shall marry him, and I now reiterate what I have always said—I shall not. He called at the house last night and remained until 10 o'clock. He said my father was anxious that a day be set for our marriage. This, no doubt, is true, but, dear Jennie, as all my plans had been arranged beyond all possible interference to go away with Ralph Williams, I tried to appear more agreeable than heretofore. Knowing this was my last night here, I promised to name a day, this night week; but for Norris, so far as I am concerned, that night will never come; and, if he is disappointed, he cannot charge me with deception, because, as you know, I always opposed his visits. I have not breathed a word to any one about my going away. You will know it first, and it matters little to me what the people may say; but as a friend, always dear to me, I desire that you go direct to our house and inform my father that he alone must answer for my conduct. Give him this letter to read. A further explanation will be unnecessary. Lose no time, dear Jennie, in apprising them of my departure. I have written this letter so that, in the event of my father trying to shield himself in the matter, yourself and others of my friends, who know the circumstances which drove me away, can say a word in my behalf. You can also tell my father, if he has not already missed his horse and carriage, that he will find it at Thornbrook's, where we will leave it for safe keeping until he calls for it. It is of course assisted us in leaving town, but it is in safe hands and will be all right. Now, dear Jennie, there is little time to say any more, and much as I would love to tell you where I go, I cannot just now, though you may hear from me soon. With much love to yourself, Clara and the other girls, I will bid you an affectionate farewell, and don't think hard of me. Necessity alone drove me to this. Lovingly yours, LILLIAN.

Miss Wagner, almost horrified at the contents of the letter, hurried to obey the commands of her friend, and ten minutes later awoke the Morris family, who were not in the habit of arising until some time later. When Mr. Morris heard the news he said it was impossible, as Lillian had retired soon after 10, and that she was still in her room. The two, however, started for the girl's room, and upon entering found the bed undisturbed and the window, from which dangled a rope, still raised. The rope was looped and so arranged as to guarantee perfect safety to any one who desired to leave the building. Mr. Morris stood amazed and simply said: "What a foolish girl! The disgrace of eloping with a colored man is even worse than death itself."

Miss Wagner returned home, and before 7 o'clock the entire populace was aware of the elopement. The Morris homestead was soon besieged by the neighbors to hear the details. Meanwhile Norris, her lover, put in an appearance, and threats of lynching Williams were freely indulged in should he be overtaken. Norris and a few friends determined to follow them up and, if possible, capture Williams, and forthwith started in hot pursuit after the runaways. Nothing, however, has been heard from them except a telegram from Norris at Exeter, which simply said, "No trace yet."

Williams' advent to the place dates back some six or eight months, during which time he lived at the Vulcan House, where he became a prominent and entertaining figure because of his musical abilities. He was an accomplished musician, and his character, as far as known during his stay here, is said to have been irre-

proachable. He was overrun with pupils for instruction on the piano, and frequently was employed to play for social gatherings and parties. His singing, also, was of a high order, and commanded the admiration of every one who heard him. He is about 30 years of age, and would readily pass for a white man. His curly hair was of a glossy hue, while his fine teeth contributed much to the attraction of his well-formed features. In his dress he was the perfection of good taste, and made a favorable impression wherever he went. Altogether he was an interesting and positively fascinating gentleman. His original home or birthplace is not known, but it is said that prior to his coming here he served as head waiter in some of the leading hotels in the West, and at one time was in charge of a dining-room car on one of the Western railroads. Two weeks ago Mr. Morris engaged him to give instructions to his daughter in playing certain difficult pieces, and much of his time was spent in her company.

It is supposed by those who were on intimate terms with the girl that she took Williams into her confidence, and told him of her trouble in regard to her father forcing her to marry a man whom she despised. It is further stated that Williams was frequently heard making complimentary remarks on the beauty of Lillian Morris, and that his solution of her trouble was a proposition to elope with him.

Much sympathy is expressed for the lovely but unfortunate girl, while her father is severely criticised for his persistence in a matter where the girl's happiness was involved. The feeling, however, is bitter against Williams, and if he is caught and brought back here trouble may follow. Miss Morris was just twenty-two years of age, and one of the most popular young ladies in this vicinity. What time during Sunday night the runaway couple left, or where they went to, no one knows. Mr. Morris, as stated in the letter, found his horse and carriage at Thornbrook's. Williams was at his hotel during Sunday evening, but was not seen after 8 o'clock.

ROBBED ON THE BELMONT TRACK.

Bair, the Famous Driver, Relieved of \$1,000 by Three Highwaymen.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

A special from Philadelphia, Sept. 24, says: William W. Bair, who drove Maud S, when she made the fastest trotting time on record, and who is the trainer and driver of Johnston, Westmont, Larene, and other noted race horses, had a thrilling experience with three highwaymen on the Belmont race track this morning, and he now mourns the loss of \$1,500 in cash. Mr. Bair was driving slowly around the track when he was suddenly pulled out of the cart in which he was riding, and three strong men dragged him into the briar bushes along side the track. The briars scratched Bair's face and nose, but the highwaymen offered him no further violence. After they had taken the money from his trousers pocket they left him lying on the ground, and disappeared through an opening in the fence, where they had previously torn off a board, and took to the woods on the north side of the race track.

When Mr. Bair was pulled out of the cart the horse ran away, a straight course for the stable. Frank A. Anderson, one of the stable employees, was knocked down and run over by the cart, but was not seriously injured. As soon as the highwaymen disappeared, Mr. Bair struck a bee line for the stables and gave the alarm, but the robbers had made good their escape. He then drove to Elm station, on the Pennsylvania Railroad, and notified the Montgomery county police officials, but up to this time there has been no arrest. The attack was witnessed by Anderson and several others of the stable attaches, but as they were at least half a mile off they could not render any aid.

Mr. Bair gives the following account of the robbery: "Just after the track had been scraped this morning I thought I would drive around and see what shape the track was in for the afternoon racing. I hitched a Messenger Chief colt with Wm. M. Slingerly gave me to a cart and drove around. When I got near the half-mile pole I noticed three men walking slowly. They looked like tramps. I was watching the track, and paid no attention to them. Just after I had passed them I was pulled out of the cart backward. I was seized by the throat by a man who had an iron grip. I was almost suffocated. Then I was dragged into the bushes. The man kept a tight hold on my throat, while one of them jerked open my vest, pulling all the buttons off. They felt inside my vest but found nothing there. They then searched my trousers' pockets and took about \$1,500 from me. As soon as they had got the money the men left me and disappeared through the fence into the woods. I made no attempt to follow them, but hurried to the stables to give the alarm. I do not usually carry so much money about me, but when I came from Washington a few days ago I brought \$1,100 with me which the pacer Johnston had won, and I had not put it away. Just before I started out I handed my watch and chain to a friend of mine, Mr. Brown, or I suppose that would have gone too."

JOSEPH R. LEWIS.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

We present in this issue a portrait of the noted dog fancier and trainer of animals, Joseph R. Lewis, now deputy game warden and a prominent member of the Maine State Game Club. Warden Lewis was born in Bangor, Me., sixty-seven years ago, but in appearance looks much younger. When quite young he visited England, and became associated with Chas. H. Cribb, a noted sporting man and dog fancier of Liverpool, with whom he formed a partnership which lasted seven years. He again visited his native country and became associated for a short time with the late Robt. Butler, the noted dog fancier of Peck Slip, New York city. He next opened up at Prospect street, Brooklyn, N. Y., where he carried on business in the dog and animal line until the breaking out of the civil war. He became imbued with the patriotic ardor then prevalent, sold out his business and enlisted under Capt. Chas. Granger (afterward the well-known New York police sergeant) in Co. D Eighty-eighth N. Y. Vols., one of the regiments of the famous Irish Brigade, with which he served three years and was twice wounded. After the war he visited his relatives in Bangor, where he remained until 1876, making a business of training hunting dogs; but his health failing him he became an inmate of the National Soldiers' Home at Togus. When deer park and menagerie were added to the Home grounds, Lewis was given charge as keeper, and his mastery treatment of sick animals, and the numerous tricks performed by the dogs, bear, deer, monkeys, etc., before visitors to the Home, soon attracted general attention. Such lovers of the hunt as ex-Mayor Vickory, of Augusta; Thos. F. Allen, Game Warden of the State; Henry McGlennan, of Boston, owner of the celebrated Irish setter dog Rex, which Lewis trained; Gen. Hyde and Dr. Packer, of Bath; James G. Blaine, Jr., and many others of note became his patrons.

OUR PORTRAITS.

The Men and Women Who
Find Pictorial Fame in
These Columns.



Mrs. Ada C. Bittenbender.

The progressive American woman now seeks judicial honors. She is already represented in the three learned professions, the law, physic, and divinity. In the person of Mrs. A. C. Bittenbender, she is seeking a seat on the bench of the Supreme Court in Nebraska. Mrs. Bittenbender is making a lively canvass, and it is possible that the Commonwealth of Nebraska will have a Deborah to administer law to its citizens. The interesting candidate has received thorough mental and professional training, and her ability to determine questions of law with learning and wisdom is not questioned.

W. B. Smith.

Mr. Smith is the absconding teller of the Second National Bank of St. Paul, Minn., who some time ago defaulted. It is rumored that the gay ex-teller is enjoying the cheerful boodling air of Canada.

Robt. Winston and Miss Brown.

Robert Winston is the young man of Boonville, Mo., who was to be married to the charming Julia Brown, of the same place, but while the young lady was waiting in her bridal garments, Robert skipped off, thereby making quite a sensation for Boonville.

W. A. Fillman.

Mr. Fillman was recently convicted at Louisville, Ky., for receiving money under false pretenses. He is a stranger in the business and a man of evident refinement and education and no common criminal. Where does he hail from? See portrait on another page.

Lillie Hoyle.

We have given in our previous issue a very long account of the finding of the body of Lillie Hoyle in an outshut near Webster, Mass. The case is one of the most sensational and mysterious murders which has occurred since the Rahway affair, which is still unsolved. We print elsewhere in this paper a portrait of Miss Hoyle as she appeared in an amateur performance in the "Chimes of Normandy." The picture is from a photograph taken by Mr. W. K. Carr, the well-known photographer of Webster, Mass.

Mary E. Ford.

This week was set down for the continuation in Jersey City of the examination of Henry Poindexter, the colored Pullman car porter, who is accused by Mrs. Mary E. Ford of having stolen her three children in Jersey City about a month ago. Poindexter is under \$1,500 bail. Justice Stirling put the examination off until Oct. 12. Mrs. Ford is still in the County Jail as a witness against Poindexter. Chief of Police Murphy said that he expected to be able in a day or two to make known some sensational developments.

Jack DuBose.

Jack DuBose, the negro who startled the sheriff of Cherokee county, Ga., the other day by telling all about the Woolfolk tragedy, is an old character well known among the Atlanta police and detective force. Two weeks ago last Sunday the same negro was released from the city prison. The telegram from Canton, telling of the arrest and confession of DuBose, created quite a sensation. The story was well and plausibly told, and many who read it began to doubt the guilt of Tom Woolfolk. The coon confesses to numerous thefts, burglaries and arsons.

A HORRIBLE "FIND."

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

A correspondent at Princeton, Ind., writes: It will be remembered that about two months ago a burglary was committed at Ft. Branch, and that Sheriff McGary and his assistant, Wm. Wire, shortly afterward captured five men near Mt. Carmel, who proved to be the guilty parties. After bringing them to this city they plead guilty, at the preliminary trial, to the charge of larceny, and were committed to jail in default of bail. The five burglars gave their names as John Kelly, "Charles Kelly," John Murphy, Thomas O'Neil, and James Gallagher. Charles Kelly seemed to be a very young boy, and gained considerable sympathy from several who seen him, thinking that he had probably been enticed into leading a life of this kind. The prisoners were placed in cells together and mingled together in jail, and nothing was supposed to be wrong. On several occasions Charles informed the sheriff that he was afraid of the roughs therein, and would rather be locked in a cell. The prisoner then said her name was Clara King, and that she hailed from Chicago, and had no home or relatives that she knew of—that she joined the gang of burglars in order to make a living. She was then taken before the judge of court and proven that she was a female, when she was given three years in the State Female Reformatory.



LILLIE HOYLE,

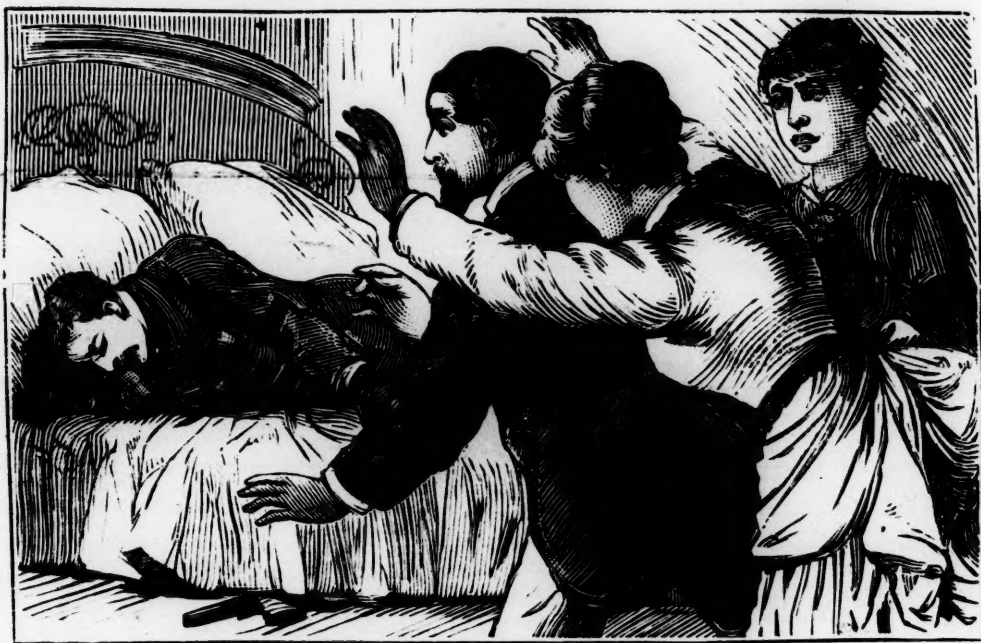
THE VICTIM OF THE MYSTERIOUS WEBSTER, MASS., MURDER AS SHE APPEARED
ON THE AMATEUR STAGE—PHOTOGRAPHED BY W. K. CARR.



[Photographed Expressly for RICHARD K. FOX by CONANT, Portland, Me.]

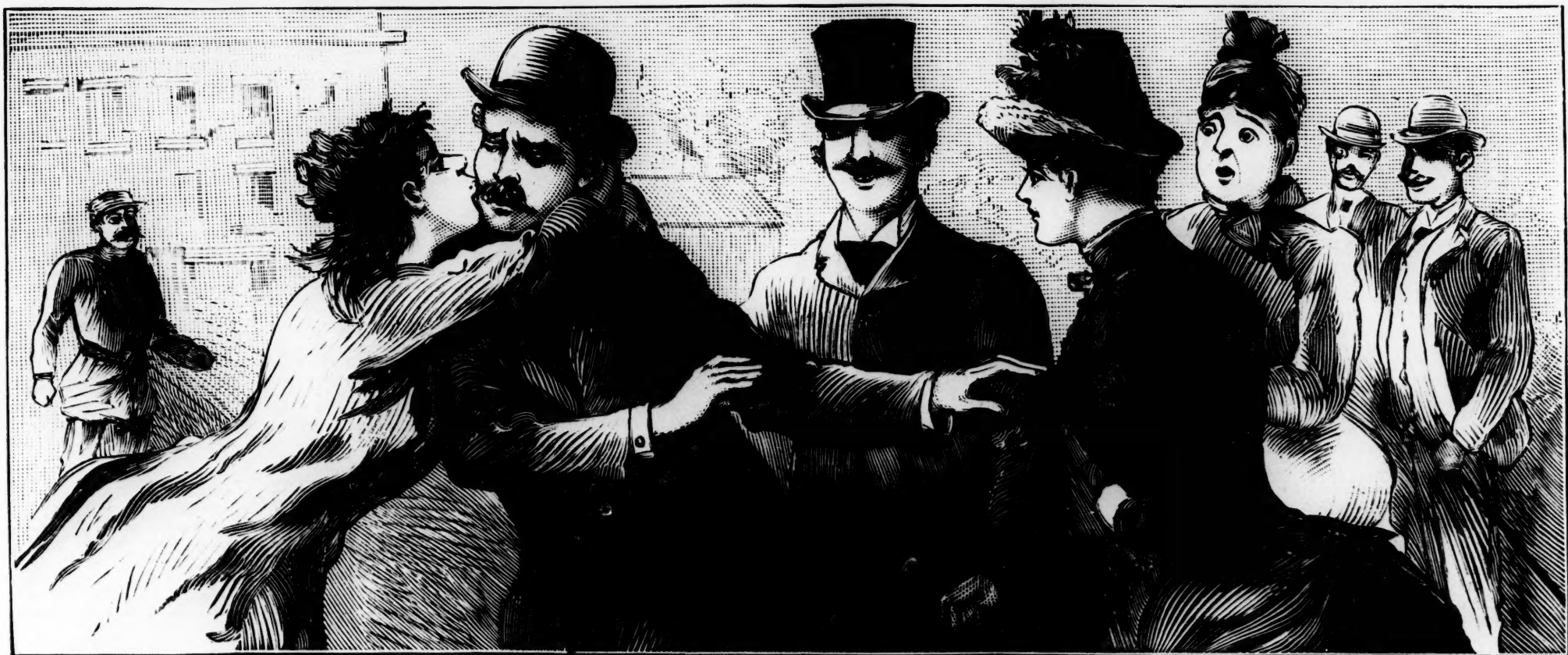
ABE SPITZ,

THE POPULAR YOUNG MANAGER OF BARLOW BROS. AND FROST'S MINSTRELS.



A SUICIDAL COPPER.

NIGHT POLICEMAN BRADLEY OF THE CENTRAL STATION, BALTIMORE, PUTS AN
END TO HIS OWN EXISTENCE AFTER QUARRELING WITH HIS WIFE.



SHE LIKES TO KISS.

EX-MAYOR OLIVAR AND FREEHOLDER HENNESSEY OF HUDSON COUNTY, N. J., ARE TAKEN BY SURPRISE BY A SNAKE HILL LUNATIC.



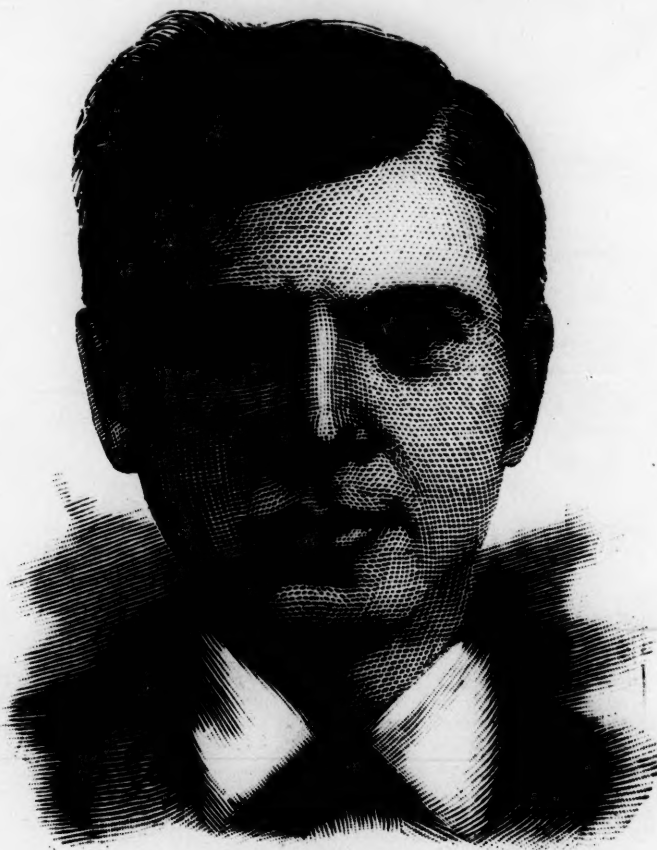
W. B. SMITH,

THE ABSCONDING TELLER OF THE SECOND NATIONAL BANK, ST. PAUL, WHO IS ENJOYING BOODLETOWN, CANADA.



MISS JULIA BROWN,

THE FARMER'S DAUGHTER WHO WAS DESERTED BY ROBERT WINSTON ON THE DAY SHE WAS TO BE SPICED, BOONVILLE, MO.



ROBERT WINSTON,

THE MASHER WHO SKIPPED AWAY LEAVING HIS INTENDED BRIDE WAITING IN HER BRIDAL GARMENTS, BOONVILLE, MO.



DONE UP BY DIZZY BLONDES.

DUNCAN CLARK, MANAGER OF A FEMALE MINSTREL SHOW IS KNOCKED OUT BY HIS IRATE HAM FATTERS AT PALATINE BRIDGE, N. Y.



JACK DU BOSE

THE NEGRO WHO CONFESSES TO HAVE SLAUGHTERED THE WOOLFOLK FAMILY, CHEROKEE COUNTY, GA.



MARY E. FORD,

WHO ACCUSES THE COLORED FULLMAN CAR PORTER OF STEALING HER THREE CHILDREN, JERSEY CITY. WHO IS SHE?



W. A. PILLMAN,

A REFINED AND EDUCATED STRANGER WHO CAME THE QUER CHECK RACKET AT LOUISVILLE, KY., AND GOT THE COLLAR,

MATRICIDE.

Asbury Hawkins, of Islip, L. I., Murders His Own Mother.

FEARFUL CRIME.

The Old Lady Killed Because She Wouldn't Let Him Marry a Servant Girl.

A COLD-BLOODED CULPRIT.

The body of a murdered woman was found in the woods near the Brentwood Cemetery, about three miles north of Islip, L. I., at eleven o'clock Sunday morning, by the keeper of the cemetery, who was driving with a friend. The body lay in some bushes, just off the road, and had it not been wrapped in a bright red shawl it would probably not have been discovered. The face and head of the body were covered with bruises and stab wounds. The features were so disfigured that identification was impossible except by the clothing. The way from Brentwood to Islip is as lonely and uninviting as any on Long Island. The road was formerly a highway of considerable travel, but that was in the days before the Long Island Railroad system had been developed, and it is now but little used. It is mostly through heavy sand, with here and there a patch of scrub oak or a piece of stunted woods to relieve the barren monotony of the scene.

But little of the land is arable, and the soil is so poor—like much of that along the centre of the island—that it is hardly worth the labor of cultivation. There are



SHE BECAME ANXIOUS ABOUT HER MOTHER.

only two or three farm-houses on the road. Upon making the discovery, the keeper drove to Islip and notified Dr. Preston, the coroner, and Constable Charles Brown. These officials accompanied by half a dozen of the villagers started for the scene. Coroner Preston found no marks of violence on the body except those on the face and head, and the clothing was not disarranged. The body was taken to Islip, where it was identified as that of Mrs. Franklin Hawkins, widow of the late Capt. Frank Hawkins, who up to the time of his death was one of the best known residents on the south shore of Long Island. He died about three years ago, leaving his widow an estate valued at \$30,000. She and her children lived in a handsome villa on the main street in Islip.

She was about fifty years of age, but looked considerably younger. She was last seen alive at 9 o'clock Saturday evening in her own home. At that hour her daughter, about twenty years of age, bade her mother good night and retired to her room on the upper floor of the house. Mrs. Hawkins was then sitting at a table in the dining-room reading a book. She remarked that she would shortly follow her daughter to bed. Mrs. Hawkins' sleeping apartment adjoined that of her daughter, and her absence was not noticed until yesterday morning. Even then her daughter did not feel any alarm, as she thought that her mother, who was an early riser, had gone out to call on some of her neighbors or had gone to church.

Seth and Hallett Clark, brothers of the dead woman, at once telegraphed to this city for detectives and began making an investigation. They concluded that robbery could not have been the incentive and Dr. Preston was positive that the woman had not been assaulted. Constable Brown soon afterwards arrested Asbury Hawkins, the son of the dead woman, and charged him with the murder. Asbury is twenty-two years of age and is well thought of in the village. The evidence upon which young Hawkins was arrested was furnished by his own family. It appears that Saturday evening Asbury hired a horse and light wagon from Jeff Snediker, a livery stable keeper. This was about 8 o'clock, and he returned with the rig about midnight. There was nothing unusual in his manner, but he remarked to Mr. Snediker:

"I want this same rig to-morrow morning. Please don't have it washed."

He was at the stable again early yesterday morning, hired the same turn-out and said that he was going to drive to Northport, located on the north shore of the island and about fifteen miles from Islip. Snediker says that Hawkins appeared nervous. During his absence the body of his mother was found, and when he returned, which was shortly after 12 o'clock, he was met by Constable Brown, who laid his hand on the young man's shoulder and said:

"Asbury, I arrest you for the murder of your mother."

The young man turned pale, staggered backward a few steps, and said:

"I didn't kill her."

He was taken to Constable Brown's restaurant and placed under guard. An examination of the carriage was then made. It was found that the vehicle had been recently washed and that the cushion on the seat was still wet. Blood stains were found on the cushion



THE SCENE OF THE HORRIBLE CRIME.

and in the bottom of the carriage. Blood was also found on young Hawkins' cuffs and coat. He could not account for these, but denied most emphatically that he had murdered his mother.

The motive for his alleged crime, according to his relatives, is because Mrs. Hawkins opposed her son's marriage to a handsome young girl who is employed as a servant by the family of Dr. Mowbray, and to whom he had been very attentive. His mother said that if he did not give the girl up she would disown him. They had several quarrels over this, and finally Mrs. Hawkins visited the girl and persuaded her to break off the match. This angered young Hawkins, and he vowed that he would marry the girl in spite of his mother. The theory is that Hawkins, after hiring the horse and carriage Saturday night, drove around to his mother's house, and, finding her alone, persuaded her to take a ride. He drove up the Brentwood road, which runs north and south, and upon reaching a lonely spot, it is believed that he murdered her and dragged her body to the bushes where it was found. Then he hurried back to the village, and finding he could not wash away the blood stains without exciting suspicion, decided to secure the carriage the next day for that purpose. His remark to Mr. Snediker, "I want this same rig to-morrow. Please don't have it washed," would convey that idea.

His arrest created great excitement in the village and loud threats of lynching were made. Islip has no lock-up and the prisoner was simply placed under a guard in Brown's restaurant. The constable, who feared that the excited people would attempt to take his prisoner and hang him, swore in a number of citizens as deputy sheriffs, and this force was placed on guard in the restaurant. No attempt was made at violence, however. Hawkins was employed by his uncles, Seth and Hallett Clark, as a clerk in their grocery store at a salary of \$10 a week.

A correspondent writes later: The murder of Mrs. Cynthia Hawkins, the news of which was such a shock to the little Long Island village, proves to have been, as suspected, the work of her son, Franklin Asbury Hawkins. This suspicion followed immediately upon the discovery of the body, and the authorities of the town were rapidly developing it to a certainty when their labors were practically brought to an end by the young man's confession.

The murdered woman was the widow of Franklin E. Hawkins, a lumber merchant of Islip, who died about seven years ago leaving her in comfortable circumstances. Both through her marriage and through her own family, the Clarks, she occupied a high station in south side Long Island society. In the village especially she was well known in social and church circles, and the shock of the news of her terrible death came with crushing force as her fellow church members

there in a vehicle that had turned a little further on an I-gone back toward Islip. The finders of the body did not recognize it, but they saw at once that murder had been committed. The woman's face was cut and bruised as with the blows of some heavy iron instrument. They hurried to Bayshore and notified Justice Seth R. Platt. He drove to the spot after telegraphing to Coroner Edwards, of Patchogue. On the way he met P. J. Hawkins the brother-in-law of the murdered woman, and Jesse R. Clark, her brother. They were

looking for her, as it had just been discovered that there was something strange in her absence from home. The absence had not been noticed earlier, as she was thought to have gone out to a neighbor's. These gentlemen went and looked at the body. At first they did not recognize it, but soon they saw it was she. In the meantime keen eyes had scanned the surroundings in advance of the obliteration that crowds of tramping sightseers soon caused. They noted peculiarities in the points made by the shoes of the horse that was attached to the wagon whose tracks were evidently connected with the tragedy. The right fore foot of the horse was narrow, and the shoe mark was almost like that of a solid round shoe. The left hind shoe was worn on one side and had some peculiarities of workmanship. This was soon discovered by a keen-witted blacksmith to be the mark of a horse owned by Eliphalet Snedeker of Bay Shore, a liveryman. He was communicated with. He said the horse was used by young Hawkins, the son of the murdered woman. He had returned it toward midnight on Saturday, telling Snedeker when he did so:

"You needn't bother to wash that buggy. I will want it early in the morning."

Snedeker added that the young man took the buggy again in the morning and was then still out with it, having said that he was going to Northport. A careful examination of the place where the buggy had stood over night showed that blood had dropped from it. The suspicion that young Hawkins had killed his mother was so strong his arrest was determined on. Supervisor Robbins and Constable Benjamin started after him to Northport. They believed that he had told the truth about going there, as they knew that he was in love with Hattie Schreck, who lives there.

The excitement over the discoveries of the morning and the still more sensational theories and suspicions stirred up the whole township, and the usual Sabbath quiet of the street was missed. The result of the visit of the officers to Northport was anxiously awaited, and the crowd collected around Snedeker's livery stable, as the place where the news was most likely to be got. About 4 o'clock young Hawkins drove up from Babylon, where he had stopped for dinner on his way back from Northport. The presence of the crowd must have shown him that he was being looked for, but he was as cool as ever when he drove in on the floor of the stable, jumped out and paid Mr. Snedeker. As he turned toward the door Coroner Edwards, who had arrived and learned of the situation, made up his mind to arrest him. Touching him on the shoulder he said:

"Asbury, I arrest you for the murder of your mother."

Young Hawkins turned white and staggered, while great drops of cold perspiration gathered on his brow.

He gathered himself with an effort and said that he did not know anything about it. Then in the course of conversation he said he had heard at Babylon that some one had been killed, but had not heard who it was. He did not ask for any particulars, and when the coroner deputized Charles Brown, of Islip, to take charge of him, he went calmly up to the store of the latter in Islip. There he ate a hearty supper and regained what little he had lost of his composure. Here also the people gathered. They grew excited as he grew cooler. The imperfect understanding of the case was all that pre-

vented them from being in a lynching mood. It was said yesterday that had it been fully known, and the little doubt that was then felt of his guilt had been fully removed, the mob would have taken the law into its own hands.

Supervisor Robbins, of Northport, found that Miss Schreck, when asked about Hawkins, was very nervous and agitated.

"Something has happened," she said. "There's trouble, I'm sure."

She said Hawkins had called upon her, but had stayed only about half an hour. At George Wheeler's hotel it was found that he had stopped, and with his own hands had washed the buggy thoroughly. It was particularly noticed that he had taken great care to clean the inside of the vehicle. He used a scrubbing brush. He left Northport as soon as he had finished the job, and he is supposed to have driven about slowly and to have stopped at Babylon, so that the buggy would have a chance to dry. This news was reported back to Islip, and it strengthened the suspicions against him. It was then decided to turn the prisoner over to Constable Egbert Benjamin of Bayshore. The road to the house of the latter led by the house to which the remains of his mother had been taken. As he was driven by it young Hawkins coolly whistled, and sang, "Climbing Up the Golden Stairs." At Mr. Benjamin's he slept peacefully until midnight, when he awoke and talked a little to his watchers. He then slept again until the morning.

Young Hawkins had had enough of trouble with his mother to justify the suspicions against him, and to furnish a motive for the crime. She was very jealous of her social standing, and very much incensed at her son for his utter disregard for it, and for his disposition to make companions among both men and women that she thought beneath him.

Stories of his intimacy with servant girls had particularly angered her. She gave him money as he wanted it, and asked in return some deference to her wishes. She even devised parties and social meetings to get him to mix with those she thought he ought to associate with. But he did hardly more than put in an appearance at these affairs, and returned to the friends that she considered so objectionable. The greatest trial in this direction for the mother was her son's apparently serious intimacy with Hattie Schreck. The girl has a good character, and is very good looking and attractive. The young couple became acquainted when she was working for Perry Wicks, who keeps an ice cream saloon at Bayshore. She afterward worked for Dr. Mowbray in the same village where young Hawkins lived with and worked for his uncle, Seth R. Hawkins, of Hawkins & Penney, in a large country store. Mrs. Hawkins' objections led the girl to break her engagement with Asbury, and she removed to Northport. He was angry at his mother's interference and followed



THE PEOPLE RAN TO THE SCENE OF THE CRIME.

the girl to her new home, making regular Sunday trips there to do his courting. Their engagement was renewed, and it is generally understood that they were to be married very soon, a step which had become absolutely necessary from her standpoint, and that of her friends.

TWO OF FORTUNE'S FAVORITES.

Henry Helfrich and William Dowling Made Happy.

A Call reporter paid a visit yesterday to Mrs. Henry Helfrich, at 64 Shipley street, to ascertain whether it was true that her husband had won \$2,000 in the Louisiana State Lottery in the drawing of the 9th ult.

"Yes, indeed, it is true," said Mrs. Helfrich, "and we are both very glad of it. My husband has bought a nice little property on Turk street, where we intend to live in a short time."

Mr. Helfrich is foreman confectioner of Messrs. Schrott & Westerfeld, and is said to be one who will be likely to make a good use of his happy downfall. He confirmed his wife's statement, and also informed the reporter that about three years ago he had won \$50 in the same lottery, but had never expected such a stroke of luck as this one.

The reporter also crossed the bay, and after considerable difficulty succeeded in finding William Dowling, a workman in the employ of the Oakland Gas Company. "Yes," said Mr. Dowling, "when the list was published I looked for my ticket and found it crumpled up into a ball in one corner of my vest pocket. I unrolled it and compared it with the list, when, for a moment, I thought I must be drunk or crazy, but when I looked again I found that I was right and my number had got me \$2,000. I have bought twenty coupons this month, but I intend to invest my prize in real estate." Mr. Dowling is said by his employers and fellow workmen to be an honest, hard-working man, and all seem to rejoice at his good fortune.—San Francisco (Cal.) Call, Sept. 9.

KILRAIN'S BATTLES.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Our wonderful double page this week illustrates, pictorially, the great professional career of Jake Kilrain, who is matched by Richard K. Fox against Jim Smith, champion of England.

The POLICE GAZETTE is sent regularly to any address 13 weeks for \$1. Order through your newsdealer or direct from the publisher, RICHARD K. FOX.



DETECTIVES AT WORK ON THE BLOODY BUGGY SEAT.

were gathering at the Methodist church for the morning service. Her body was found about nine o'clock at the side of the Brentwood road, a mile from Oakwood Cemetery, by Superintendent Joseph Preston of the cemetery and William Gooder, who were driving along the road. It was made conspicuous by a bright red shawl, or it might have been undiscovered for some time longer.

A wagon had passed shortly before and its occupants had failed to make the terrible discovery. Other wagon tracks showed that the body had been brought

But he gathered himself with an effort and said that he did not know anything about it. Then in the course of conversation he said he had heard at Babylon that some one had been killed, but had not heard who it was. He did not ask for any particulars, and when the coroner deputized Charles Brown, of Islip, to take charge of him, he went calmly up to the store of the latter in Islip. There he ate a hearty supper and regained what little he had lost of his composure. Here also the people gathered. They grew excited as he grew cooler. The imperfect understanding of the case was all that pre-

THEIR MAN.

What the Sports of America Think of Jake Kilrain.

COURAGEOUS!

"Smith's Fistic Record at the Present Time is Not as Good as Kilrain's."

EVERYBODY BETS ON HIM.

Prof. Bart J. Doran, the well-known boxer of Detroit, writes that he has conversed with all the leading sporting men of Detroit in regard to their opinion of the Kilrain and Smith international prize fight, and ten out of every dozen will bet on Kilrain, and one out of the remaining two who think Smith will win is not willing to back his opinion with money. All I quote are well known and are heavy betters.

Ed Gillman, one of the proprietors of the Sportsman's Headquarters, 11 Cadillac street, Detroit, will need no introduction to live sporting men in the United States or Canada. He says: "All my money will be put on Kilrain (though as yet I have none up, for the reason that no one seems inclined to bet on Smith), and I will be at the ring side if possible. I think it will be a great battle, and if he gets a fair show I feel confident that Kilrain will bring the Englishman's colors home with him."

Plain Tom Reef, proprietor of the Turf saloon and Sherman House bar, Mt. Clemens, Mich., an old-time referee and backer of square fighters, says:

"Richard K. Fox deserves the praise and has the best wishes of all lovers of square sports. Kilrain is sure to fulfill his hopes, if they give him fair play."

Wood Campbell, Kirkwood sample-room (Campbell & Moore), Woodward and Jefferson avenues, owner of Gray Duke (240); used to own Harry H. and Sam Axford, and one of our best known promoters of sports, says:

"Kilrain is the man for my money."

F. A. Wietz, the Detroit Plunger, owner of Silverthread (214), says:

"I think Smith will win; that's my honest opinion, and I will back it with hard cash, though Mr. Fox deserves the good-will of all for his enterprise and energy in bringing about this battle."

Ed. Wynne, formerly of New York, says:

"Betting on Kilrain I consider an easy way to make money. Why, even the Englishmen here won't bet on Smith."

John J. Sullivan, 213 Michigan avenue, Detroit, says:

"I have always a few dollars that say Kilrain will win."

Bart Doran says: "Kilrain is a hummer and can whip any one I know of, and he should defeat Smith when he has such a man behind him as Richard K. Fox." Doran should be a good judge. He was born at Gloucester, N. J., Dec. 8, 1861. He stands 5 feet 8 1/2 inches and weighs 131 pounds, trained. He beat Pete Sheridan 3 rounds, lasting 27 minutes; beat Frank Rafferty 8 rounds, lasting 45 minutes; beat Pud Robiel 1 round, lasting 12 minutes; beat Jack Henry 9 rounds, lasting 1 hour and 8 minutes; beat E. Doyle 3 rounds, lasting 22 minutes; beat J. Pillion 5 rounds, lasting 35 minutes; beat Tom Beale 5 rounds, lasting 1 hour and 20 minutes; beat H. Cook 11 rounds, lasting 55 minutes; beat E. Chambers 7 rounds, lasting 40 minutes; beat C. Cattell 2 rounds, lasting 28 minutes; fought a draw with E. Doyle, 9 rounds, lasting 45 minutes (police interference); H. Cook, 14 rounds, lasting 1 hour and 10 minutes (both unable to continue). Prof. Bart Doran is at present teaching boxing in the Walker Block, Detroit, Mich.

Richardson, of Detroit, says: "Kilrain should win in a gallop."

J. D. Morrissey, the well-known Denver turfman, was interviewed on the Brooklyn track in reference to the battle. He said: "I have read considerable about this fight in the POLICE GAZETTE, and I think the battle will be a desperate one. Why did they not make the match to fight in this country? Smith's backers could have won twice the amount of money if he won than they will in Spain. I should like to see the fight, but it is too far away. Kilrain is of Irish descent, and I want to see the green above the red all the time, and wish Kilrain every success, and his backer, Richard K. Fox, for he deserves a great deal of credit for backing Kilrain for such a large amount of money, but it is not to be wondered at for Mr. Fox is an Irishman." Morrissey recently bet \$5,000 that this horse, Banburg, would beat Elkwood.

Jim Giddings, of Brooklyn, says: "From what Phil Casey says, the international battle between the English and American champions, will create a furore, and the Englishmen will bet a fortune on Smith. Kilrain is a tall powerful man and should be able to defeat Smith."

Jas. Campbell, of Boston, says: "I do not intend to bet a cent on the international battle; but if I did I should back Kilrain, for I think he is a good fellow."

Col. Elard, Boston Globe, says: "I am in favor of Kilrain and I am certain that Kilrain will win. It was a great risk for Richard K. Fox to cross the continent to arrange the match and post so much money, and I wish him every success for his courage."

Pony Moore, the well-known minstrel manager, who is so well posted on all classes of English sport since he has sojourned and managed Moore's Minstrels, says with regard to Jem Smith and his match with Jake Kilrain, "that the battle will set the Thames on fire. Why, it will create more excitement than the English Derby. Smith is a short, stout, muscular specimen of humanity, but he is very slow, and not near as clever a boxer as Charley Mitchell. He is full of pride and wants to shine as a star, no matter whether he is the most brilliant or not. Charley Mitchell was boxing with him in London, and when he found Mitchell was too quick, and possessed more science than he did he

grumbled because Charley would not consent to be made a chopping block and they quit."

One of the leading sporting authorities of the West is Joe Ullman, the owner of Raceland, the crack western two-year-old who can outrun anything in the horse line, no matter how well bred, at times. Our representative went down to the Brooklyn race track the other day to have a pow-wow, as the Indians style it, with Ullman about sporting matters, and more especially about the great international prize fight between Jake Kilrain and Jem Smith, which nearly every one is interested in.

"How is Raceland doing?" said the POLICE GAZETTE representative.

"I have him booked for one, two, three in the Kentucky Derby of 1888 if E. J. Baldwin's Emperor of Norfolk or Green Morris' Sir Dixon does not start. He is a great colt," said Ullman, "but the Kentucky Derby is nearly as far off as the international prize fight."

"What is your opinion of that battle?" said our representative.

"Think? Why, Kilrain will win in a walk if he comes to the scratch in good condition. Charley Mitchell is going to train him and he should understand the business. I would not mind going over to see the fight but I am afraid I should be shut out, for there is only to be fifty a side."

"That is the number agreed upon," was the reply.

"Smith, you can bet, will have more than fifty, and it would not be a bad plan to have a few reserves to fill up," said Ullman.

"He will only be allowed fifty, and that is enough; and tickets will be \$50 each."

"Whew!" said Ullman, "that would win a large amount of money on a horse at 6 to 1. Well, there are plenty, if they are flush, that will give up that amount, because the fight promises, judging by the champions, to be a close race, and Kilrain should win, and by Jove he must win, to keep up the honor of the country. Do you think Dick Roche of St. Louis will go over to see the fight? He was a great hand at one time to attend these fistic battles. Dick is not enjoying the best of health, but I believe he may make the trip."

"Who would he bet on?" was the question.

"I suppose he would play Kilrain if he fancied that the champion had a chance. I wish that Sullivan was going to fight Smith instead of Kilrain, and then we would have the game in the bag," said the well-known shrewd Western sporting man.

"Sullivan was given the preference," said the POLICE GAZETTE correspondent, "and he refused to fight Smith unless the latter would come to this country, and he knew there was no prospect of an English champion coming to America to engage in such an important match and for so much money; that is probably why he raised the barrier in the way of the match."

"Dick Roche always thought Sullivan could whip all the fighters in creation," said Ullman. "I had that opinion, too, but Sullivan of 1887 is not the Sullivan of 1882-3. Tremont was a world-beater on the turf in 1888, but he never shone as such in 1887. It is not how great a race horse, runner or boxer has been; it is what he is at the present time, when it is necessary for him to be in trim to fill a position or take active part in whatever calling he is required."

"Smith, the British champion, threw down the gauntlet to fight any man in America. Richard K. Fox offered to bet \$10,000 that Sullivan could conquer Smith, just the same as you would bet \$5,000 that Raceland could out run the Emperor of Norfolk. Sullivan backed down and then Kilrain was requested to fight Jem Smith," said the POLICE GAZETTE correspondent.

"What did he say," said Ullman, "that he would race the English champion?"

"No; Kilrain said he would challenge Sullivan to fight for the championship and if he won then he would agree to fight Smith."

"Kilrain must be a Jim Dandy race horse," said Ullman, "did he challenge Sullivan?"

"Yes; and \$1,000 forfeit was placed with the New York Clipper to arrange a match for \$5,000 or \$10,000, but Sullivan again backed down. I guess Pat Sheedy did not have the money to back him or else he did not want to fight."

"Who put up the money for Jack Kilrain?"

"Why Richard K. Fox, the Proprietor of the POLICE GAZETTE."

"Oh, yes," said Ullman, "he backed Paddy Ryan against Sullivan for \$5,000."

"Yes," said the POLICE GAZETTE correspondent, "and gave him \$1,000 to bet he would beat Sullivan in the ring."

"Where did Richard K. Fox come from—England?"

"No; he was born in Belfast, Ireland, and has only been in this country about fourteen years, and made a million."

"He must be a hustler," said the Western sport. "Will he bet on the fight outside the \$5,000 he is putting up in the main stakes?"

"Probably bet about \$5,000. He admires Kilrain, because he is a quiet, well-behaved boxer, and there is no bluff and bustle about him."

"Well, you can bet if Kilrain and Smith were going to fight on Carroll, Foster or Chateau Islands, near St. Louis, that the backers of Smith would be bet to a standstill," said Ullman.

"I guess there will be plenty of betting any way, for the members of the Pelican Club, of London, who find the \$5,000 for Smith, intend to give men in New York a commission to wager from \$10,000 to \$20,000 on Smith's chances of winning," said the POLICE GAZETTE correspondent.

"If this is true Smith must be wonder; what do you know about him?"

"Very little, except that he has defeated a chump or two, won a few boxing exhibitions, and fought a draw with Alf. Greenfield, and he is a short, stout, muscular looking athlete, built something like Muldoon, the wrestler, but not near as active or as tall. Kilrain is taller, better educated, possesses longer reach, and has every advantage in his favor, except that he is battling in a foreign land."

"Then why should these London sporting men have him down as a sure winner, and be eager to bet so much money?"

"Only because they think their man has a great chance. You have seen men put hundreds on horses when they did not have a chance. Because horses are heavily backed don't make them win as a rule, but in most cases they are beaten. Smith is looked upon as the British champion, he is a pet among the nobility and the upper ten, and they intend to back him win or lose, merely for pride," said the POLICE GAZETTE representative.

At this juncture the train for New York was ready to start, and bidding the great Western sporting man good-day, he found Pat Keenan, ex-County Clerk, and Billy McMahon, the well-known turfman, who has been pulling up a fortune by his son-in-law's (Garrison) success with his horses Cyclops and Eolian.

McMahon, on seeing the POLICE GAZETTE representative, said: "I see Richard K. Fox succeeded first-class in his trip to England and matching Kilrain against

Smith. He deserves great credit in holding up sport," said McMahon, "and every sporting man should be proud of him. I do not know any man with the big business interest of Richard K. Fox that would go across the water and match a man to fight the English champion for such a large sum, and \$5,000 is a large sum, and he puts up a diamond belt besides," said McMahon.

"Yes," said Dupont, of the firm of Criddle & Co., "Mr. Fox is putting up a diamond whip to be given to the champion jockey."

"O, yes," said McMahon. "What about that 'Police Gazette' diamond whip? Eddy (meaning Garrison) is working hard to capture the trophy."

"All I know," said our representative, "is that Richard K. Fox cabled from Paris that, as there was so much interest manifested between McLaughlin and Garrison for the jockey premeirship, he would offer a 'Police Gazette' diamond whip, and that it would be presented to the jockey winning the most mounts at the end of the season; and that it would become the property of the jockey winning the most mounts in 1888."

"Richard K. Fox is one of the most liberal sporting men in America," said Pat Keenan.

"Yes," said McMahon, "there never was a man like him. Look at the trophies, belts and prizes he has given away."

"Look at this international match between Kilrain and Smith. Just think of the time, trouble and expense, not speaking about the stakes, \$5,000, he is betting on the result," said the ex-County Clerk.

"Well," said McMahon, "Kilrain is quite a boxer, and will bring home the money, I think. He has never been beaten, and he has always been ready to fight all comers. We should go over and see that fight, Pat," said Garrison's father-in-law; "there will be no racing, and the trip would do us good."

"I may go," said Keenan "for the fight is going to be a good one and there will be plenty of money to win, if the American champion can win, and it is the general impression among good judges that he will do so. Smith will be well backed and the fight will create a tremendous excitement."

"I think it will create more excitement than the Heenan and Sayers fight," said McMahon.

"Well," said Keenan, "we will have the news quicker, we had to wait over a week to find out how Heenan and Sayers fought. There was no cable then."

"That's so," said McMahon.

"Where will they fight?" said Keenan.

"In Spain," was the reply.

"It is a long journey, but it will be a nice trip, if one can spend the time. I would go if I thought Kilrain would win, but I should hate to be present and see the British champion win," said Keenan.

"It will cost a big pile to make the trip, and then you have to take chances of seeing the fight after you get there," said McMahon.

At this juncture the train steamed to Kings Highway. McMahon jumped into his buggy, and bidding Keenan good-bye, was off like a shot.

On the way back to New York on the cars the main topic was horse-racing, the "Police Gazette" diamond whip, and the great struggle between the jockeys, and the Kilrain and Smith battle, all of which were freely discussed.

Jake Roome, the veteran sporting man, who has witnessed hundreds of fistic encounters in and outside the ring of ropes, and who saw Bill Poole, Yankee Sullivan, John Morrissey and Tom Hyer engage in several desperate battles, and is still looked upon as quite an authority, was recently interviewed in regard to what his opinion was of Jake Kilrain, the American champion. Roome was found in his sporting saloon, opposite Jefferson Market Court House, this city, surrounded by a number of famous sporting celebrities.

"I have come to see you about the Smith and Kilrain fight," said the POLICE GAZETTE correspondent.

"Glad to see you," said the veteran sporting man. "I tell you the fight between Kilrain and Smith is creating quite a sensation, and I suppose the contest is for the \$10,000 that I read the men were to fight for in the POLICE GAZETTE."

"Yes," said the POLICE GAZETTE correspondent, "and for the 'Police Gazette' diamond belt and the championship of the world. Who do you think will win?"

"Now, you hit me hard," said Roome; "I want to see Jake Kilrain win because Richard K. Fox is backing him, and because I want to see this country, which is the greatest in the world, win, and Kilrain is not only fighting for Richard K. Fox's \$5,000 and the championship, but for his country's reputation. Do you think the English authorities will try and stop the fight?"

"No," said the POLICE GAZETTE correspondent, "the battle will not be fought in England, but in Spain," was the reply.

"Well," said Roome, "Kilrain is a good looking, he has the cut and physog of a fighter, and if he has the stamina and pluck that the Boston sporting men and friends of mine at the Hub claim, he will again make the lion roar like the Volunteer did a week or so ago. Smith is a hardy-looking customer, but I do not think that he has any of Jem Mace's qualities about him. You don't find the likes of Sayers and Mace every day. Now, Morrissey was in his day good enough to whip any man in England, and Sullivan a year or two ago I supposed able to conquer the best man who ever stood in the ring, but he appears to have gone back. Of course, you cannot tell much about a man's ability to fight walk or run unless you see him contend. I saw Kilrain and Cleary box in Madison Square Garden, and I read about how quick he done up Frank Herald at Baltimore."

"He made a better hand of Herald than Sullivan did," said the POLICE GAZETTE correspondent. "At Pittsburgh Sullivan had the referee, the gang and the police, and then he could not whip Herald, while Kilrain and Herald only fought one round, and if the police had not stopped the battle Kilrain would have won right off the reel."

"I had an idea that Herald would show up well, by what I read about him," said Jake. "He knocked that Pennsylvania champion out quick, and he did the same with Conley, but he went back very quick."

"Smith has never fought many battles," said Roome, "and his battle with Jack Davis, and his draw fight with Greenfield, are not fights that would make one believe that he is either a second Jem Mace or Tom Sayers, but he must be a great fighter when he can get matched to fight for \$5,000 in England. That is a large sum to put up on a man's chances of whipping another in the prize ring if he is not a first-class pugilist."

"Smith has about a dozen backers. They are members of the Pelican Club, London. Each of the members put up so much to make the total amount, \$5,000; so Richard K. Fox said in one of his letters," was the reply.

"I supposed," said Jake, "that Smith only had one backer, John Fleming."

"He only represents the syndicate who are finding Smith's money," said the POLICE GAZETTE correspondent, "and if Richard K. Fox had not gone over to

England and threw down the gauntlet to match Kilrain to fight Jem Smith for \$5,000 or \$10,000 and the 'Police Gazette' diamond belt, which represents the championship of the world, there would have been no match for such a large amount of money."

"Richard K. Fox is a great man," said the veteran sporting man. "He has great courage and deserves all the prosperity and success, and I do not wonder at the tremendous circulation the POLICE GAZETTE has."

"Yes, it is wonderful—over 200,000 a week, and I guess it is read by half a million."

"I should not wonder," said Jake. "I have it here," and he reached over to a table on which the POLICE GAZETTE lay.

FRED MAY'S CLOSE CALL.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Fred May, who fought a duel with James Gordon Bennett some years ago, and who is popularly credited with having whipped Buffalo Bill in a physical dispute, had a very close call the other day. Mike Duffy is regarded as the most dangerous man in New Orleans. No man who has been in the Creole City can fail to appreciate the sway of the crack gambler of that town, where gamblers are men of prominence. Duffy is a man about thirty-three years old, of erect carriage and handsome presence. He dresses faultlessly, is slim, dignified and quiet. He wears a mustache, and his face is illuminated by a pair of eyes that are often talked about in the South. He is a typical gambler, cold, calm, resolute and dangerous. He is on here on a visit, and he sat in Valkenburg's saloon at a very early hour the other morning with several friends, when Fred May walked in.

After talking a while the men fell to trying different feats of strength, such as putting down arms, twisting coins, lifting chairs, and the like. In all these contests May's tremendous muscles placed him ahead of the others. He forced the arm of Detective Hickey who is a man of powerful build, to the table as though he was dealing with a child. Duffy sat and smoked as he watched these different amusements, and finally somebody mentioned the name of Mrs. Langtry, and the crowd fell to discussing the latest creation of the Jersey Lily, "As in a Looking Glass." After they had talked a few minutes May drew himself up, and, dropping his fist on the table, said sharply, staring at Duffy, who happened to be speaking at the time, "I don't care to have that lady discussed here."

Duffy looked across the table at Mr. May a moment, and then said:

"Mrs. Langtry is a public character; she advertises herself as such; forces herself down the public's throat, and as such any man in the world has the right to discuss her in public whenever and wherever he pleases."

"No man can do it here," said Mr. May, savagely.

"Oh, yes he can," drawled the Southerner quietly. "I can, and I will. I have a good mind to send around to her house now and see if she won't go out to supper with me."

Duffy leaned forward with his elbows on the table and stared directly into the eyes of May, and both the men sat looking at each other, while the others pushed their chairs back from the table. There was a moment's silence, and then May said tauntingly:

"Oh, no, you won't."

"Yes I will," said the other.

"You are a liar!" shouted the New Yorker.

The men jumped to their feet, and Sergt. Hickey threw himself on May, who jumped toward Duffy. Capt. Morgan, who was also in the group, took Duffy's arm, attempted to draw him away, and asked him not to make a row in the place. Duffy shook him loose and walked up in front of May, who towered above him, and said to Hickey and the other men who were holding May back:

"Let go of the big stuff. He is a rank coward and a liar. He is afraid you will let him go, and the whole thing is a bluff. If you take your hands off him he won't come near me."

He stood within half a foot of May's face and taunted him in the quietest manner in the world. Men who knew Duffy made up their minds that the jig was up with May, for there is no question about the tactics of a man who has made the reputation that Duffy has in a land where the revolver is the gambler's Bible. The others held May back and forced him slowly toward the door, while Duffy walked slowly after him, taunting and insulting him as he went. Finally the proprietor of the place got a hearing, and the men were hurried apart and taken away by their friends.

IT DIDN'T WORK.

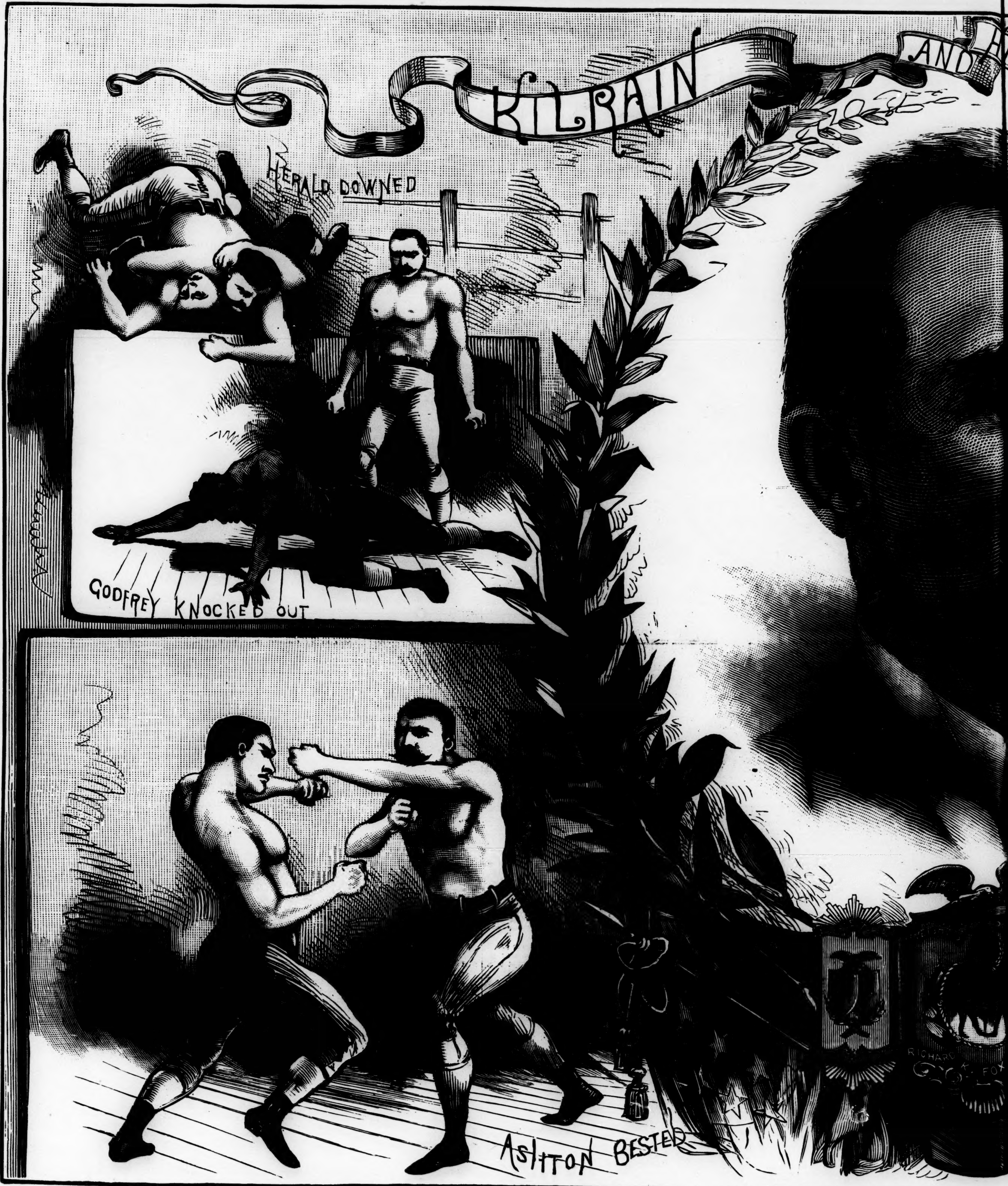
[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

A matronly appearing woman, with silver gray hair and stout figure, clad in a tailor-made suit of the fashionable cloth resembling ingrain carpet, walked with evident difficulty down the passengers' gangway of the steamship Wieland to the covered wharf of the Hamburg-American packet line in Hoboken. High-heeled boots, which looked almost tiny in contrast to the matron's bulky contour peeped at regular intervals from beneath the huge and stiff skirt of her dress, and the latest creation in bonnets rested confidently just over a brow that rose above good-natured eyes and a pleasing countenance.

At last she stood firmly on the wharf, and with the good nature of a Lady Claverling she handed the keys of her trunks to a gold-laced customs inspector. At the same time she graciously acknowledged a sworn declaration to the effect that she was Mrs. Marie Mehlbach-Duffy, and that she had no dutiable goods in her possession. When her trunks were ransacked Mrs. Marie Mehlbach-Duffy was found to have told the truth as to them.

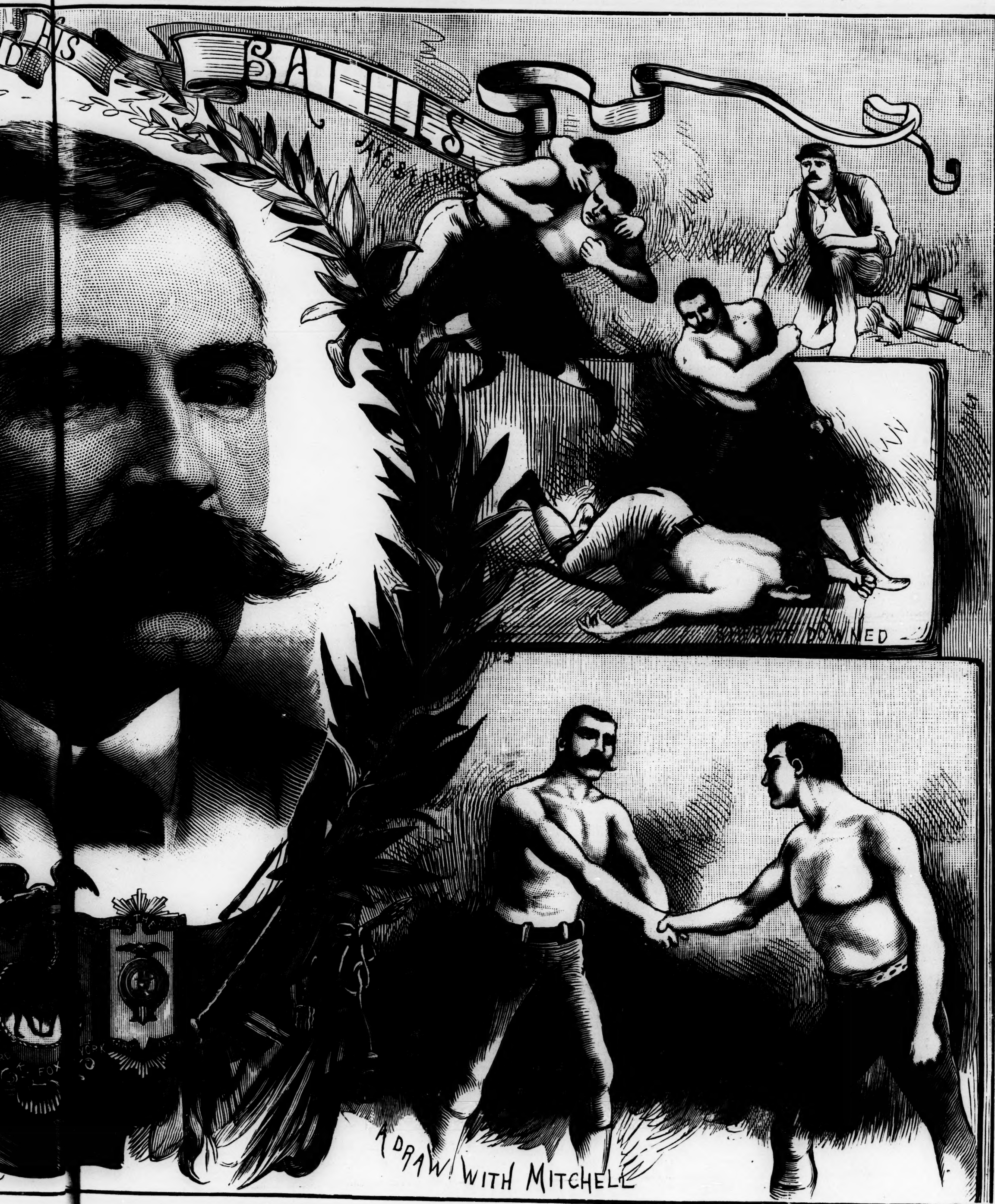
All this time Surveyor Beattie's Inspectors Brown and O'Donohue had kept their eyes on her. Brown and O'Donohue frankly admit that they haven't the remotest idea that ingrain carpet dresses are the eminent thing in fashionable circles, but it struck them that Mrs. Duffy's dress skirt was too ridiculously bulky for even fashion to father. They directed the attention of one of Surveyor Beattie's women inspectors to her.

The woman inspector spoke only a few words to Mrs. Duffy, when she began to cry and trembled so that she could hardly support the bulky dress skirt. She had only been invited to step into the neatly furnished room on the wharf where the women inspectors examine the clothing worn by female smugglers. She tearfully accompanied the female officer, but before the door of that room which has disclosed so many elastic consciences had closed upon her Mrs. Duffy confessed that she had dutiable goods on her person. She offered to pay the duties on them. Of course this offer was refused, and when Mrs. Duffy reappeared after the investigation she looked quite like a sylph. From the inside of her previously bulky dress were taken two full suits of men's clothes. They are of English make. The trousers were sewed around the skirt just above the edge of the dress, the waistcoats were stitched to cambric near the waist, and the coats were strongly basted to white poplin on the body of the dress.



OUR CHAMPION AND

JAKE KILRAIN, THE BRAVE BOY FROM BALTIMORE, WHO WILL REPRESENT AMERICA IN
THE HISTORIC CONTESTS IN WHICH HE FIRST



AND HIS VICTORIES.

CA IN THE GREAT INTERNATIONAL BATTLE WITH JEM SMITH OF ENGLAND, AND SOME OF
THE FIRST CAME INTO VICTORIOUS PROMINENCE.

THE REFEREE.

His Thoughts and Opinions on Matters of Sport- ing Interest.

I think that of all the prize fight fizzes that ever occurred in this country, the McAuliffe and Carney international match may be put on the prize ring calendar as the most disgraceful.

The international match was not managed by the POLICE GAZETTE, but by a clique on a Boston paper, who of late have made their names notorious by their unfair practices, by arranging bogus matches, and connecting themselves with disgraceful matches to gild the confiding sporting public.

I do not claim that the match between Jimmy Carney and Jack McAuliffe was a bogus one, but I do claim that there has been a great deal of underhand work done, which the men behind Carney are just as deep in the mud as in the mire.

After the McAuliffe party failed to put up their money Carney was entitled to the stakes up, and they should have been paid over to Carney without any equivocation.

No one can blame McAuliffe in the matter, for he contracted malaria and returned to his home, and his backer, who is one of the squarest sporting men in the country, was willing to put up \$500 for the privilege of postponing the battle six weeks, and the proposition was all right if Carney and his backer would accept. But he did not do so, and if he had sported men would have thought him insane, for on the failure of McAuliffe's backers to put up their final deposit Carney won the \$1,500 up without fighting, and a bird in the hand is better than a bird on the bush.

The match would have ended on Sept. 26, the day the final deposit was to have been posted, but Holke, who is a reporter on a Boston paper, backed up by Cooke, agreed to postpone the fight for six weeks. McAuliffe's backer would put up \$500. Holke made himself look ridiculous, sent dispatches and pretended he was acting for Carney, when the latter was not aware of it. The \$500 was put up, the match postponed, and when Carney heard it he refused to listen to such a bungling arrangement.

Al Smith, of this city, who was final stakeholder was bothered with dispatches and letters and he became so disgusted with the parties all round that he refused to hold the stakes. After all the bungling Holke and Cooke, who are only amateurs at arranging prize ring encounters, admit that they acted without authority of Carney, and thus the matter stands.

Sporting men are disgusted over these new prize ring managers of Boston, and many are now satisfied that the New York *Clipper* and the POLICE GAZETTE are the only sporting papers with which to put up their money and receive fair play. I guess by the tone of the leading sporting men of New York and Boston that Cooke and his valet have put the last nail in their coffin, for they have put themselves on record for bringing about the greatest prize ring fiasco since Jim Mace and Ned O'Baldwin, the Irish Giant, met in 1879 at Collier's Station, West Virginia, and failed to agree upon a referee.

It is my opinion that Carney should receive the forfeit money, for he was fairly entitled to it as there was no stipulation in the protocol about the money being returned if either of the champions was sick. Carney's money was posted within the specified time, and he wins the forfeit money and championship by McAuliffe being taken sick and his backer not going on with the match by putting up his money.

If Carney had selected Richard K. Fox to hold the stakes, and the money had been deposited at the POLICE GAZETTE office, he would have received the forfeit money, even if he was the champion of England going to fight the American champion. Fair play is a jewel, but boxers and athletes must not expect to find it if they arrange matches and put up their money with our bad imitators. It has taught Carney a lesson which he will profit by, and the great Boston prize fight fiasco has knocked the gilt off the imitators of the POLICE GAZETTE by exposing the cunning and crafty tricks of monster and man and proved that too many cooks spoil the broth.

Never in the history of the prize-ring was there so much interest manifested over a match as there is over the great international contest recently ratified by Richard K. Fox in England between Jake Kilrain and Jim Smith for the "Police Gazette" diamond belt, \$10,000, and the championship of the world. No matter where you go, whether it is in a theatre, public hall, street car, or on a steamboat, in all parts of this country the topic is the Kilrain and Smith prize-fight.

Sporting men are betting on it. Barbers, who are no small division of the population, wrangle over it, while Englishmen and Anglo-Americans shout Smith will win it, and Irishmen swear by the Blarney stone that Kilrain will win.

Fighting of all kinds may be wrong, but nevertheless it has always been the principal occupation of mankind, and deeds of personal prowess and bravery, wherever exhibited, have from time immemorial claimed and won the admiration of the world. The mental or physical superiority of all must be decided by some sort of a conflict. The cause of nearly all the wars that history records may be briefly summed up as follows: One nation says to another, "I am stronger than you." "Nay," says the other, "I don't admit that. We will have to fight." So the big guns and the little guns are brought out and battle-fields are strewn with dead men's bones, and the question of strength is finally settled with a decision written in blood.

A prize-fight is precisely the same thing as a war, excepting that it is on a small scale. Fists take the place of guns; noses are battered instead of towns, and "peepers," not harbors, are closed. The main inducement to the men who strip and "show their castors" is not money, but approbation and fame—or, call it notoriety, if you please. The desire to excel in one's calling, no matter what that calling may be, is not only natural but laudable.

Kilrain ranks just as high among prize fighters in 1887 as Gen. Grant did among soldiers in 1865. Energy, perseverance, quick perception, coolness, forethought, endurance and strength are required to make a good prize fighter. Are these qualities the lowest in the scale of human estimate, and are their possessors necessarily brutes and ruffians? But thus far we have only been speaking of what prize fighting might be, and of what its champions ought to be, there is another and far less pleasant side to the question.

The ring sank so low for a time that men with any claim to respectability were almost ashamed to acknowledge that they were in any way its supporters or defenders. "Made up" fights, bombastic and meaningless challenges, the desire of some to see their names in print, and the seemingly prevalent habit of claiming undeserved reputation, are some of the causes that have operated to bring about the result. Unless the men of straw are weeded out and fewer battles fought on paper, and less blackguardism indulged in, and, in short, unless there is an immediate and radical reform in pugilistic circles the news of the result of a prize fight will never again be sought by millions of people, as it was when John C. Heenan and Tom Sayers met at Farnborough.

The meeting between Jim Smith and Jake Kilrain may be the commencement of a new and improved state of things pugilistic, for the contest will be well managed and decided on its merits. Let us have more of such manly contests and the prize ring will continue to gain in favor and interest.

In regard to the Kilrain and Smith international battle, a Boston paper, which recently made such a miserable fiasco out of the Carney battle owing to their eagerness to fleece or take advantage of the American champion, publishes the fol-

lowing: Kilrain we hope you will win. You will be a great man in pugilism if you do, and if John L. Sullivan wholly gives up the ring for ruin, you may succeed by defeating Smith and by Sullivan's default to the proud distinction of "World's Champion." If you can conquer Smith, there'll be nothing in America too good for you. Excuse us if we are skeptical. It will be all the greater credit to you if you win, and thus spare us the humiliation of seeing even an American glove fighter beaten by a British ring champion. You'll have a reception greater than Heenan had when he came back from his fight with Sayers, if you come out victor. May you get fair play. You surely will if you are losing. You're the best man and the best pugilist of the company you are in. Good luck go with you. The topic among my morning callers, the other day, was an American fighter's chance of fair play over the water in a battle with an Englishman.

"Heenan went over there twice," said the first talker. "He licked two men of theirs—Sayers and King and didn't get a show to win either time."

"Any man will get a fair show with Jim Smith," answered an American friend of Smith. "Smith's party in the fights he has had never have shown any disposition to do wrong. Smith has won four ring fights. His party suffered wrong rather than wrangle when Smith fought Al Greenfield. The Pelican Club people, who believe in him, would not tolerate his doing a wrong to win."

"Ah, but when an American goes there, the roughs who were with Greenfield to beat Smith will be with Smith to beat the American. The Birmingham mob will then be solid with their own nationality to have the home champion do up the stranger. That'll be different, you see."

"That element can't get there if the fight occurs in Spain."

"They got there, didn't they, when Smith and Greenfield fought in France just outside of Paris?"

And so the two argued, each of the same mind as before, too, when the argument ended.

"I'll tell you," said the last man to chime in and argue, "English pugilists have had a fair field and no favor in America. They cannot say they haven't—Jim Mace, Joe Wormald, Joe Goss, Aaron Jones, Ned Price, Arthur Chambers, Patsey Sheppard, Billy Edwards, Barney Aaron, and a whole legion of later ones. They have had square deals over here than they gave each other at home. Tom Allen is about the only one I recall who has ever had cause to kick that he didn't get his rights here. Billy Edwards lost to Chambers on a trumped-up foul, but that was Englishman against Englishman. American ring-fighters have not cut the ropes, as was done to rob Heenan at Farnborough. And what American interested in fighters has bribed a second to drug a principal, as the evidence showed Jack McDonald did when Heenan fought King? There is a big balance on the side of American fair play as being a cleaner article than the boasted fair play of the Britons. If the Kilrain battle don't prove a fluke, the Englishmen may have a chance to set right some of the old scores. It will be easy, of course, to give Kilrain a fair show to get a whipping. If Sullivan were there and winning, as we are all convinced that he would be, it would be a stronger test of the English spirit of fairness. The foreigner who engages in a fight with an Englishman where Englishmen are in the majority at the ring-side, will have a new experience if he gets a perfectly even show to win, with no advantage taken of him at any point."

California trotters have not done anything electrifying to lower the trotting record, since Harry Wilkes trotted in 2:23½ within your borders, and that was away back in April last. Colts and aged horses in the East and West, are threatening to break records. Jay has already cut a five-year-old stallion notch of 2:24½. Pat has himself again, as shown by his opening bow 2:22½. Clingstone flashes along, as brother Gratton would say, with demure speed. Susie S. and Horri are knocking at the door of Hinda Rose, demanding her three-year-old record, so it behooves you, sunny sister, to be up and doing.

Of all the "flat, stale and unprofitable" trotting performances against time, we are willing to award the hermitic trotter team of a harness horse with running mate, first premium. The trotter had his innings at this kind of business and H. B. Winslip cleared the top rail in 1884 to the tune of 2:36. Westmont the pacer, so rigged, and the same year, scored 2:01½. His mark is in great danger as a new star has arisen in the form of the pacer of vulgar name, You Bet, who was bred in Indiana, where the paces grow space. Some two years ago C. B. Burch, of Union Stock Yards, Ill., purchased him from E. Stevens, of Andersonville, Ind., who stated that he was got by Scott's Tom Brown.

This prodigy, of non-weight pulling speed, recently tried his legs against the scythe bearer's 2:20 and made a record of 2:15 on the half-mile track at Ottumwa, Ia. Next day he beat his mark on second heat. Time, 2:21 and 2:21½. He rested from his labors for a day, and just for fun paced a trial in 2:22, all over the same track.

From the time that the marvellous trotter Dexter, still a king when his saddle, harness and wagon feats are considered collectively, suffered defeat by Ethan Allen, or more properly speaking his running mate, neither the trotter nor his family are advanced in the estimation of breeders by such performances.

But they have their uses when the event is confined to living competitors, as the public delight to view a close contest. For example, Charley Hogan, with the aid of the running horse Father John, has shown that he can trot a half mile in 1:29½, and Johnston has reeled off a half equally fast in harness. These horses ought to make a very close race, say for a mile and repeat.

There is probably no branch of sport to which the general public are so attached as horse racing, and by the same token the popularity of the average jockey is a very widespread element indeed. Anything, therefore, respecting the work of a brilliant horseman is not without considerable interest.

The distinguished characteristic of a skilled jockey is seen in the ease and grace with which he keeps his seat. Some few are to the manner born, and are sons of trainers or jockeys, or perhaps of jockey and trainer combined.

It must not be surmised, however, that those who start as the sons of jockeys or trainers do not go through the same ordeal and the same unpleasant initiative stages of their profession as the others. As far as my knowledge extends there is not one lot of difference made in that respect, and if they would reach the top of the tree they must begin at the lowest round of the ladder, and commence as stable boy and exercise lad.

Neither would any shirking of duty be overlooked on their part by fathers and brothers more than in the rest of the lads; if there was a difference made the ash-plant would, I fancy, fall a trifle heavier on their shoulders than on those of the others for setting a bad example.

Kilrain, winner of the St. Leger, was left at the post. When the flag fell he refused to move and the field was a hundred yards away when he started. Kilrain was bred in Ireland, and is out of the dam of the famous Bendigo, she being by Lord Gough, out of Imitation, by King of Trumps. The youngster was bred by Mr. John Connelly, and was bought privately by Capt. Macleod when a yearling, while he has since paid 1,000 guineas for his brother. As a two-year-old he was brought out at Stockton, where he won the Wynyard Plate, worth £700, which he followed by winning the Harrington stakes at Derby, worth £750, but he was beaten at the same meeting by Rose-d'Or for the Broby Plate, by whom he was given 17 pounds. This year he began by running third for the Princess of Wales Handicap at Sandown Park. He was unplaced for the Jubilee stakes, won by Bendigo at Kempton. After which, at Ascot, he was beaten by Ormonde for the Kous Memorial, but won the New Biennial the same afternoon, but was, in turn, beaten the day following by Strawberry for the Ocean Stand plate.

A post-mortem examination on the body of Harry Woodson, "the Black Diamond," developed the fact that four bullets had lodged in his body. It is now thought that the story of the man White, who claims to have killed him in self-defense after Woodson had twice shot at him, was untrue, and that all the shots were fired by White himself.

LATEST SPORTING.

The great hook and ladder race for the championship of America was decided at Worcester, Mass., on Sept. 24, four companies competed. Every town had its representatives and their opinions were freely and substantially backed. William Brophy was selected as referee. Chief S. E. Combs, of the fire department, and Capt. H. R. Williamson, of the fire patrol, were the judges, and the timers were George H. Whitney, G. L. D. Newton and H. R. Cummings. The Westbros were represented by C. A. Goss, Chief G. H. Damon, represented the Leominsters, Chief P. J. Baxter, the Milfords, and V. R. Kent, the Spencers. The best record brought on to the track was 1:03 1-5, made by the Spencers at Lynn, Aug. 26, and was freely offered that this would be broken. The Spencer company was the first to run. Foreman George Raynor took his men in line, and John Reno, their best runner, took his position in the middle. Thomas Donohue, their ladder man, who weighs 140 pounds, was in great form, and at the pistol shot fired by Capt. Cummings, of the Boston fire department away they sped, amid the shouts of the audience, with whom they were the favorites. Reno made a poor start and lost nearly half a second. Otherwise he ran well and soon he reached the truck, which came rattling down the track. The ladder was spliced and planted, and from a top round young Donohue was gracefully lifted to the platform, while the shouts of the people rewarded the stalwart fireman who had for the second time in a month broken the record. They performed the feat in 1 minute 3 seconds, one-fifth of a second less than they made at Lynn and two seconds better than the best record. The Milfords were called second, and a more agile and brawny set of men never put their shoulder to a ladder. T. J. Connor was their foreman, and their ladderman was William Lanigan, a mere stripling, who weighed but 100 pounds. John Crohan, the well-known wrestling sprinter, was their leading man, and to make assurance doubly sure, himself Hickey was put in to urge him. The way both men set themselves out was a wonder, but Crohan reached the truck first, and in a twinkling it was bunched down the course. They worked without mishap, and in the time of 61 1-5 seconds set the ladder firmly against the platform, and Little Allright Lanigan laded his respects to the crowd. A more graceful swing was never made. It was a settled thing that Milford had won, but the rivalry centred between Westboro and Spencer, and on this contest many hundreds were laid. The Westbros came to time with the recollections of their last victory on this same track. Foreman Boswell was in charge, and the ladderman, James Foley, stripped at 110 pounds. John O'Brien, or Casey, was the sprint runner, and got praise for his clever feat. He took the best start of all the leaders and swung along at such a rattling pace that the grand stand population fairly yelled themselves hoarse. He had scarcely touched the truck when it bounded away on the high stretch, and came to the goal at a pace that made them an easy winner. But the ladder was a new one, and was handled awkwardly. The laddermen, to be sure, lost but little time, but little time when quarters of seconds count was fatal, and in just 62 seconds the feat was accomplished. The Leominsters were the last to try. M. T. Conlin, the ten-mile walker, is foreman, and W. Derby, who weighed 120 pounds, was ladderman. Elmer Edgely was the sprint runner, and got over the ground at no small pace. The ex-champions made a creditable run, but came last on the score, in 63 2-5 seconds. The official time was withheld until all the trials were run, when it was thrown out. A feature of the ladder hoisting was the use of four poles instead of two as formerly done. This was introduced by the Spencers and followed with profit by the others. The most even work all through was done by Milford. The Spencers, however, excelled in placing their ladder, and if Westboro had the same skill they would, in the opinion of many, have won the garland of victory. Nearly all the members and ex-members of the fire department and many insurance men were present. The first prize of \$350 was awarded to the Milfords, and the second of \$150 to the Westbros. The tournament was under the management of J. J. Kennedy.

The following is an account of an encounter with bare knuckles, which took place at the foot of Storm King mountain recently, and specially reported for the POLICE GAZETTE by Harry E. Henderson. For some time there has been bad blood between Jug Kelaher, who is well known along the many one-horse villages that adorn the banks of the noble Hudson as a real hard bloke, and Joe Clark, another sample of the horrid bad man species, who nalls from the metropolis, the trouble having arisen over a lovely and bewitching colored maiden who sports the appellation of the Mountain Queen, and who dwells in an old and dilapidated shanty in the wilds of Stonylonesome, a wild and dismal spot hard by. A few days ago this coffin-stained belle of Stonylonesome politely informed the gray and dashing cavaliers that they would have to fight the affair out between themselves, as she was not able to decide between them. So the rivals, who are both skillful exponents of the manly art of self-defense, literally took her word, and they at last concluded to settle the question according to the code pugilistic, and on Thursday evening, Sept. 22, notwithstanding the night was as black as the ace of spades, and the rain fell in drops almost the size of an egg plant, the rivals met in the ring, which was pitched on a grassy spot beneath the tall, rugged peaks of Storm King mountain. The dazzling rays of several large lanterns which hung from the branches of trees around the ring not only lit up the scene as bright as day, but made the rippling waters of the Hudson glimmer for some distance from shore as though its ruffled surface was literally strewn with a million of tiny, sparkling gems. The friends of both parties were present, including quite a crowd of sports from the upper and lower Hudson. The love-struck gladiators were about evenly matched in height and weight, and fought according to the rules of the London prize ring, with their hands as bare as a billiard ball. Jug was seconded by E. W. Hall and Billy Pligfield, of Grant Hall, West Point, N. Y., while the city bloke was carefully sponged, rubbed and fanned by Mike Delahanty and the Hon. Dan McDonald, whilst the Hon. George Kelaher, of Saratoga Springs, was chosen high judge. When the modern rivals faced each other for the fray their dark and piercing eyes fairly snapped sparks of fire. Jug at once led off with a sharp, quick left-hander, landing on his brave and fearless rival's sound receiver with such terrific force that the blow sounded like the bursting of a railroad torpedo. Joe quickly countered on the hash-receiving machine, making the teeth in that organ rattle like a rattle snake in danger. The spunky Jug returned heavily on Joe's wind bag, which made the latter turn ashy pale and tumble backwards against the ropes, and before the plucky Joe could regain his equilibrium he was met by a smasher straight from his adversary's shoulder which caught him between the eyes, making him lay flat on his back and look as though he had just passed through a world of sky-rockets and young earthquakes. In the second round both gore-seekers came up with their wind bags leaking and puffing like a tug boat, and both of their mugs were a beautiful sight to look at. Joe's two eyes were as big and red as an over-grown ripe tomato, while under the ear was a large and mysterious looking lump unknown to the science of phrenology. Jug's beautiful and classic mug was also artistically adorned with beauty marks. His hash-chewing machine was awfully swollen, and was fast resembling an old-time, well-stuffed grip-sack with its lugs busted, and, besides, several of his beautiful front teeth had mysteriously disappeared. After moving their long projectiles to and fro for some time, like the walking beam of a steam engine, Jug shot his right out from the shoulder with the swift force of an arrow shot from the spring bow and landed with jarring force on the luckless Bowery bloke's bugle, splitting the most useful and otherwise ornamental facial organ completely from top to bottom, making the dark red juice fly as though it was ejected from a syringe. This unfriendly tap fairly turned the pale and determined Bowery tough into a raving maniac for he dashed with the ferocity of a hornet-stung bull towards his man, but the brave and skillful Jug being on the alert jumped nimbly aside and met his rival with a powerful right-hander between the eyes with such force that the Bowery bloke went to the blood-beansmeared grass as though a young, fiery, Western mustang had lifted him with his heels, and again and again as he leaped with the nimbleness of a squirrel and bull dog pluck to his feet, he was knocked down and down to the blood-stained earth, till finally half-stunned and blind with the life's red juice streaming out of his eyes and as helpless as an infant, he fell to the blood-soaked ground a battered and senseless mass and, of course, the battle was at an end and Jug was declared the winner amid cheers that fairly made the surrounding hills of the noble Hudson tremble.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE "POLICE GAZETTE" RULES.

All the important fights and boxing matches of the present day are contested under the "POLICE GAZETTE" RULES, which have been pronounced the only rules under which a match can be SQUARELY FOUGHT to the satisfaction of all parties. Copies of these rules can be obtained free on application to

RICHARD K. FOX.

"Police Gazette" Publishing House,
Franklin Square, New York.

N. B.—Correspondents will please put their address to their communications.

W. R. Altoona.—No.
S. W. Pottsville.—No.
W. G. S. Lewiston.—No.
E. F. D. Woods Holl.—No.
N. S. Topeka.—No. Aces.
D. M. Harrisburg.—A wins.
H. H. San Miguel, Col.—No.
S. G. Harrisburg, Pa.—Yes.
M. M. G. New Britain.—One card.
S. H. Harrisburg, Pa.—John L. Sullivan.
T. H. Club House, Bridgford, N. Y.—A loses.
J. W. S. Jackson.—The party who threw 500.
T. W. Chicago.—He came to this country in 1886.
M. W. Lucas.—Send for "The Sporting Man's Companion."
T. D. Salt Lake City.—B wins if the wager is properly specified.

R. M. Kansas City, Mo.—1. No. 2. Edward Hanlan was born in Toronto.

J. P. McC., South Walpole, Mass.—We have not the back number you desire.

H. W. Portsmouth, N. H.—It was Matt Moore that beat Roche. A loses.

JAY. Newark, N. J.—Write to Prof. Mike Donovan, care New York Athletic Club.

D. B. Baltimore, Md.—The Great Eastern first arrived in New York June 28, 1860.

W. J. Brownsville.—Jim Mace and Joe Coburn were matched three times and A loses.

C. W. J. Garro, Col.—Yes; over one hundred sprinters have beaten the time you specify.

J. C. H. Harrisburg, Penn.—We never heard he accomplished any great feat in dumbbell lifting.

SPORT. Freehold, Pa.—Mike Coole and Aaron Jones fought on Aug. 31, 1867, at Busenbark's Station.

J. M. Bath, Me.—The steamer Great Eastern is 600 feet in length, 58 feet beam and 12,000 tons burden.

J. W. Providence, R. I.—Care of Edward Haggerty, corner of Thirty-first street and Seventh avenue, New York.

D. W. B. Louisville, Ky.—1. Jimmy Carney and Jack McAuliffe fight in October. 2. We do not know which will win.

C. M. McKay, Palouse City, W. T.—Write to John Wood, 208 Bowery, N. Y. He has the portraits in the style you need.

W. R. Portsmouth, N. H.—Tom King, who died of yellow fever at New Orleans, La., was not the pugilist that fought Heenan.

W. C. D. Milwaukee, Wis.—Send for the "Yachting List," price \$1.50. We have not space to chronicle all the yachting contests.

W. G. New Bedford, Mass.—John L. Sullivan weighed 195 pounds, and Paddy Ryan 193 pounds, when they fought at Mississippi City.

S. G. Salem, Mass.—G. M. Robinson, of San Francisco, who boxed Sullivan, put up a 20½-pound dumb-bell at San Francisco, Cal., Sept. 4, 1876.

D. S. Pottsville, Pa.—Jem Mace and Tom Allen fought for \$5,000 at Kennerville, near New Orleans, May 10, 1870. Mace won in ten rounds, lasting 45 minutes.

M. H. Fifteenth St., New York City.—John C. Heenan and Tom Sayers fought on April 17, 1860. Send 50 cents and we will forward you Heenan and Sayers' battles.

G. W. Newport, R. I.—1. Jack Dempsey never was beaten. 2. It was on Oct. 12, 1857, at Hartford, Conn., that Lancelot beat Flora Temple. Lancelot trotted the third heat in 2:25.

S. L. Charlotte, N. Y.—Flory Barnett fought a glove fight with Denny Harrington, at London, Eng., May 26, 1879, and was defeated in two rounds lasting 5 minutes 20 seconds.

J. S. Brownsville, Texas.—Sam Blakelock, the English pugilist, landed here on Sept. 18, and has gone to join Carney at Boston. He stands 5 feet 6 inches in height, and fights at about 124 pounds.

P. W. Islip, L. I.—1. Master McGrath won the Waterloo cup three times, in 1868, 1869 and in 1871. Sea Cove won the cup in 1870. 2. Commasie won the Waterloo cup twice—1877 and 1878. 3. Snowlight won the cup last year. 4. Lord Lurgan owned Master McGrath.

M. G. Augusta, Me.—1. Jem Belcher died in London, England, on July 30, 1831, when he was 31 years of age. 2. Belcher only had one eye when he fought Pearce, having had it knocked out by a racket ball by playing rackets July 24, 1803, at St. Martin's street, London, Eng.

H. W. Boston.—1. Joe Coburn was born at Middletown, County Armagh, Ireland, July 20, 1835. He defeated Mike McCool in 67 rounds, occupying 1 hour 10 minutes, at Charleston, Cecil county, Md., May 6, 1863. 2. We never heard of his doing so. 3. Never heard of him.

J. and P. Newark, N. J.—Jake Kilrain is the champion pugilist of America. 2. Kilrain gained the title of champion by Richard K. Fox putting up \$1,000 forfeit and authorizing Jake Kilrain to challenge Sullivan for \$5,000 or \$10,000 a side. Sullivan did not accept and he forfeited the title.

D. S. Toledo, 1. No. 2. Harry Wilkes. 3. The fastest mile trotted in the circuit this season was the 2:14½, made by Patron in the third heat of his race with Harry Wilkes at Cleveland. The latter secured the honor last season with 2:14½, made over the same track in a race against Clemmie G. and Phyllis.

D. M. Mahanoy City.—1. Aaron Jones was born in Shropshire, Eng., in March, 1831. He stood 5 feet 11½ inches in height and weighed 168 pounds in fighting trim. 2. At the time he fought Mike McCool for the championship of America there was a want of steadiness and precision in his hitting and there appeared to be a want of stamina about him.

W. C. Tonawanda, N. Y.—At Roseville, N. J., on Sept. 17, W. E. Crist, well known amateur, rode a mile on a bicycle in 2 minutes 38 1-5 seconds, the fastest amateur time on record. The quarter was made in 40 4-5; half in 1:19 1-5; three-quarters, 2:00 2-5. Stenken, who came in second, beat his previous record made on July 4, his time being 2:41. The third man was E. I. Halstead, and fourth, T. W. Roberts. The previous best time made on the track was 2:40 4-5, by A. B. Rich, Sept. 30, 1886.

M. J. W. Washington.—Harry Woodson, the "Black Diamond," a well-known boxer, was shot and instantly killed by Thomas White, a colored porter of a Pullman parlor car, at Chicago at 1 A. M. September 20. The cause of the tragedy was a quarrel over a colored woman whom both men were in love with. The woman went to Woodson's room whither White followed. During the controversy Woodson, taking his revolver from under the pillow, fired twice at White. After a hard struggle White wrested the weapon from Woodson and fired two shots at him, the second of which entered Woodson's head, killing him instantly. White is under arrest.

M. J. B. Baltimore.—James Mitchell was born in Philadelphia in 25 years old and 5 feet 5½ inches tall. He has been before theistic public two or three years, and the cleverness and grit, coupled with punishing power, displayed by him in off-hand contests with medium-sized gloves in the Quaker City induced Arthur Chambers to take him in hand. A challenge was issued on his behalf to Jack McAuliffe or any other light-weight in the country, but he was unable to get on a match till Jack Smith, of Brooklyn, concluded to accommodate him. They fought in a room in Philadelphia, March 28, for \$500 and belt, and after a desperate battle, lasting 1 hour 3 minutes, during which they got through with 18 rounds, both giving and taking much punishment, the referee declared it a draw. On June 12, 1887, he was defeated by Jimmy Carney, in 11 rounds lasting 41 minutes 40 seconds.

PUGILISTIC NEWS.

A Close and Accurate Resume of the Arenic Battles of a Week.

Jack Kilrain, the champion pugilist of America, with Charley Mitchell, arrived safe in London, England, on Oct. 2. Both Kilrain and Mitchell were enjoying the best of health.

O. H. Smith, the heavy-weight champion of Nebraska, and Mike C. Conley, of Ithaca, N. Y., now residing at Ashland, Ohio, have been matched to fight 6 rounds, "Police Gazette" rules, at Ashland, Wis., on Saturday, Oct. 15.

Arrangements have been made for Jimmy Carney and Jack McAuliffe to fight for \$5,000, according to "Police Gazette" rules. The battle will take place within eight weeks. The referee has been appointed, and a well-known sporting man in Boston is final stakeholder. All the stakes are posted and the men will go at once into training for the mill.

Jim Connors, of this city, and Charley McCarthy, of Philadelphia, are matched to fight with skin gloves to a finish for a purse of \$500 given by a Philadelphia sportsman. The fight will take place near that city within two weeks. Both men are in training. Connors at Westchester and McCarthy at Camden. McCarthy was the light-weight trial horse at the Comique, and fought McAuliffe and other good ones.

The following is a toast given to Jack Kilrain, champion of America, by Innes, the Captain of the Onondaga Athletic Club, of Onondaga, N. Y., at their last meeting, September 23.

TO JACK KILRAIN, OF WESTPORT, N. Y., CHAMPION PUGILIST OF AMERICA.

Here is luck to Kilrain, the hero of fame,
America's champion, who time and again,
Has met noted heroes and vanquished the same;
Who can point to the places where his victims have lain;
Who made Sullivan take water and can do it again;
Who recently sailed over the billowy main,
To do the English champion in Ireland or Spain;
Who will fight for his honor and glory will gain,
And will save for this country the championship name.

Jack Kilrain (the champion of the world) fighting shoes, which he will wear in the coming international battle with Jim Smith for the "Police Gazette" diamond belt, \$10,000 and the championship of the world, were finished on September 29 and forwarded to the American champion, who is now in London, England. Of all the ornamental shoes ever worn by athletes, pugilists or men of all professions, the champion's fighting shoes beat everything of the kind ever made and reflect great credit on Bencke Bros. The uppers on each side of the lace holes are red, white and blue, while stars run down the front of each in which the eyelet holes are set in, which represents the stars and stripes. On the front of each is the American eagle neatly stitched in buff leather and the spikes were made of the best of steel put in with sockets. Bencke Brothers have promised Kilrain if he wins the great battle and returns the shoes to pay him \$500 for them. The shoes were ordered for the champion by Richard K. Fox, and they will create quite a sensation in England. Bencke Brothers are going to make another pair for the curious to look at.

Fete McCoy, the well-known boxer, who is matched to fight Denny Kelleher, of Salem, Mass., in an interview, says: "I wish I never strayed into pugilism, and the coming battle will probably be my last, and I shall endeavor to make it my best effort. I commenced a dozen years ago and have fought quite a number of battles. My first ventures were at sparring exhibitions, where I met Johnny Riley, Johnny Saunders, Ed. McGilchey and men of that ilk. My first pugilistic venture was with Ed. Davis, whom I defeated in nine rounds. My next was when I whipped Tom Cusick. I came East then and made Boston my home, joining the Sullivan combination under Al. Smith's management. While with them I got the better in 2 rounds of Billy Lyman, the light-weight champion of Arizona. Tom Heenan, the owner of the same title in Oregon, and Patsey McGrath, flying the same flag in British Columbia. With the Sullivan-Smith combination I traveled west and south, leaving them in the latter section to go to Butte City, Mont., alone, for a ring fight, in which I ran against the heavy-weight of that section in a draw. After that I came east again, and in the Cribb Club, in two and one-half rounds, I made Ed. Craig, a pretty big and game fellow, stop for a \$500 purse. Dominick McCaffrey was the next man I was pitted against. Jack Stewart, the heavy-weight of Canada, at the pleasure of the Hub Athletic Club, was my next antagonist, and it required but a few seconds for me to get the better of him. The 'Marine,' however, in the fall following, gave me rather a bad game of it at the Cribb Club and also at Saugus a few months later. He was the stronger and better man and I acknowledged it in the Saugus ring. After these affairs I went to Philadelphia, where I sparred Jack McGilchey, Jack Langdon with success. Fought a draw with Jack Kelley and more than held my own with Tom Kelly, Fred Woods and Jack Daley. Then I met Kelleher at the Cribb Club two months ago. In that engagement I found Kelleher to be a good, strong fellow, a hard hitter and clever. I know that he has profited by that experience, and furthermore, I am of the opinion that to do him this time I will have to even work harder than I did before. I am not despairing, however. On the contrary, I was never in a more pleasant or happier mood."

Harry Woodson, the well-known colored pugilist, known as the "Black Diamond," was shot dead at Chicago by Thomas White, a Pullman car porter. The fight that preceded and led to the killing was caused by Irma Hayes, a colored woman of ill-repute, and the weapon used was the victim's own revolver. Woodson was a middle-weight pugilist, and of late has been running a gymnasium at St. Paul. His mother owns the disreputable house where he was killed, and also the adjoining one where White lived with Irma Hayes. White was at one time a bartender for Mrs. Woodson, and all of the persons involved have been acquainted for many years. The cause of the tragedy was jealousy over Irma Hayes, who had been living with White for some time past. Woodson was madly in love with her, and induced her to go to his room. White suspected that she was with his rival, and went to Woodson's room. He tried to persuade the woman to go home with him, but Woodson, taking his revolver from under the pillow, fired twice at White. After a hard struggle White wrested the weapon from Woodson and fired two shots at him, the second of which entered Woodson's head, killing him instantly. White is under arrest. Woodson had the reputation of great courage. While living in Cincinnati a fire occurred in a tenement house, and at one of the upper windows a young woman appeared whose escape had been cut off by the flames. As the girl stood in view of the crowd Woodson called out to her to jump. "No! no! don't do it! It's certain death!" cried a hundred voices. "Jump, and I'll catch you!" was Woodson's command. He braced himself, and the girl made the leap. He caught her squarely on his breast, but was hurled to the pavement with terrible force. The girl escaped unhurt, but her rescuer was knocked senseless, and had to be carried away. Regarding the Black Diamond, the New York Sun says: "Woodson is well known to the sporting public of this city. His first appearance here was at Harry Hill's in January, 1883. He was brought on from Cincinnati by Frank Stevenson and William E. Harding to fight Charley Hadley, the colored heavy-weight of Bridgeport. They fought for the 'Police Gazette' medal, and Hadley won in three rounds. Woodson defeated Jim McLaughlin at Coney Island for \$500 a side, and fought McHenry Johnson, 'The Black Star,' Billy Wilson, and a number of others in the West with varying success."

Jimmy Fitzsimmons, of Boston, and Jack Stewart, of England, fought 21 bloody rounds on Sept. 30 in a West end hall, in the presence of 300 of Boston's best known sports, for a purse of \$500. Over \$2,000 was wagered by a parties. Jimmy is a native of Ireland, and was born in Limerick. He is twenty-one years of age, and weighed when he stepped into the ring 135 pounds. Jack Stewart was born in England, has fought in numerous contests, but as far as is known, this was his maiden effort in America. Fitzsimmons looked heavier than his antagonist as he entered the ring at 12:30, followed by his second, Jimmy Doherty of Cambridge. Stewart followed quickly, accompanied by Johnny Williams. Jimmy Colville was chosen referee. Stewart led with his left on Fitzsimmons' body, Fitz-

simmons' countering with an upper thrust on Stewart's nose. In the second round Fitzsimmons sent in a right swinger on the jaw, which staggered Stewart. First blood was claimed for Fitzsimmons, but was not allowed. In the third round Fitzsimmons sent in four or five upper cuts in quick succession. Stewart stood it bravely, countering on Fitzsimmons' body, jaw and eye. A lump as big as a goose egg appeared on Fitzsimmons' eye, completely closing that organ. Stewart opened the fourth on the damaged eye. Fitzsimmons got home a stinging right-hander on his opponent's neck and Stewart landed heavily on the Boston man's head. Fitzsimmons countered with upper cuts in the seventh, forcing Stewart to his corner. In the ninth round both men went at like bulldogs. Fitzsimmons opened savagely on Stewart's jaw, knocking him down twice in succession and getting the first knockdown. In the thirteenth round Fitzsimmons sent Stewart spinning across the ring. The latter fell, and Fitzsimmons started to hit him. His seconds caught him, preventing a foul. Both men were bleeding badly when the seventeenth round opened. Fitzsimmons' eye looked like a pumpkin. Stewart, with renewed vigor, sent in a couple of good ones on Fitzsimmons' face, and the latter acted on the defensive. But in the next round the Boston man again sent Stewart to the ground by a swift upper cut. The nineteenth and twentieth rounds were savagely fought. Fitzsimmons seemed determined to end the fight, and in the twenty-first round went at his man like a bulldog. Three times he sent Stewart sprawling in the ring. Stewart failed to rise the last time, and the fight was awarded to Fitzsimmons. Stewart's face is unrecognizable, while Fitzsimmons' eye is in a worse fix.

At last the long-looked-for fight between The Weir, the Belfast Spider, and Johnny Murphy is over, and there is no another pugilist to share the championship honors with the wiry Isaac, for after 17 rounds had been contested the referee, Jimmy Colville, decided the match a draw. This was unsatisfactory to many who went to the Cribb Club to see the men go to a finish, and as they were both in comparatively good trim at the end of the seventeenth round there was no reason why they should not have continued. It was not what could be called a good fight, as there were not many hard blows struck. Taken from another standpoint, it was a very good show, as it was an exceedingly clever exhibition of sparring, both men proving themselves experts in the art of self-defense. On Sept. 30 fully 250 persons assembled at the rooms of the Cribb Club, Boston, to see the show. Previous to the bout of the evening there were some preliminaries. Jimmy Silvey, the boxing teacher, and Jimmy Hurst were introduced and dined the pillars for three rounds. The next to appear were Frank Steele and Dick Cronin, and they were followed by the two feather-weight candidates for the world's championship. Murphy stepped into the ring first followed by his seconds, Dan Gill, Tom Kelly and Steve Taylor. He was bare to the waist, with blue trunks, drab half hose and black shoes. It was a few moments later before the Spider made his appearance. He was seconded by James Gallagher and Patsey Kerrigan. Both men appeared to be in the best of trim. Jimmy Colville was chosen for referee. James McKean was selected to hold the watch for Murphy, while Jimmy Doherty consented to act in the same capacity for the Spider. The gloves were selected and put on, and the two men took the centre. The first round was a lively one. The Spider was the first to land, his left just grazing Murphy's neck. The Spider shortly after this landed his left on the right of Murphy's head. Murphy then swung his right heavily on the Spider's face, and there was a clinch. Breaking away they both rushed at each other and both landed their left, the Spider starting the claret from Murphy's nose. First blood was claimed for the Spider and allowed, when, after a little hot work, time was called. The second and third rounds were quite good, both men doing some good work. The Spider was at his rushing, but Johnny always waited for him. Up to the fifteenth round the fighting was rather dull, and it seemed as though the men were not fighting for all they were worth. Neither man appeared to be winded in the last round. It had been announced that there would be fifteen rounds, but two more were sparred after that, both of which were quite lively, the Spider doing nearly all the landing.

The following is the latest from the seat of war in regard to Jack Kilrain:

LONDON, Oct. 3, 1887.

This morning's *Sporting Life* contains the following conspicuous advertisement:

"St. James' Hall, Piccadilly, Thursday, October 5, at eight P. M., grand assault-at-arms. First appearance in England of Jack Kilrain, the American champion, who is matched to fight Jim Smith, for the *Police Gazette* diamond belt, representing the championship of the world, and \$2,000. Boxing, fencing, quarter-staff and wrestling. The wind-up will be between Kilrain and Mitchell, in four rounds, Queensberry rules."

Your correspondent interviewed yesterday Mr. Fox, en route to New York by the steamer *Etruria*, as follows:

"Of course you are aware that Kilrain and Mitchell have arrived off this port this morning."

"Yes, but I could not possibly remain longer here. Nearly four months yet remain in which to have everything settled in connection with the match for the championship between Smith and Kilrain."

"From what you have seen of Smith since your visit, have you altered your opinion as to Kilrain's ability to beat him?"

"I am more than ever convinced that Smith is not fit to fight Kilrain. Kilrain will receive all the stake, and without any deductions, if he wins, and in addition \$1,000 which I gave him to back himself."

"Don't you think that, apart from the championship, the matter is worth fighting for?"

"My letter, containing in substance what I have now told you, will be read at St. James' Hall next week. I may go further and state that *Sporting Life* is the final stakeholder, and I have left a letter with that paper authorizing the manager to receive from the *Clipper* our lodgement of £200."

"Will you be prepared to back Kilrain against Sullivan, provided he beats Smith?"

"To be sure I will back Kilrain against Sullivan for every pound the latter can put together."

"Do you think the match between McAuliffe and Carney will take place?"

"I don't know that, but if it does I think McAuliffe will win. In the Reagan-Dempsey match I fear Reagan is too young a man for Dempsey to meet."

Kilrain was subsequently interviewed in the presence of Mitchell, who looked in the pink of condition, but the greater part of the interview has already been discussed in New York. The following conversation, however, ensued:

"I suppose you are aware that an exhibition will be given next week in St. James' Hall?"

"Yes."

"If you win the international match will you be prepared to meet Sullivan?"

"If I am challenged undoubtedly I shall. But I think you may rest assured that Sullivan will not come this way while I am here."

"Speaking of Sullivan reminds me that Sheedy, Sullivan's late manager, recently went to the Aquarium to see Jim Smith and Jim Young boxing. Sheedy declared that in point of muscular development Smith came nearer to Sullivan than any man he ever saw."

"I believe Smith to be a good man, but the reports of his boxing bouts haven't in the least scared me."

"Is it true that you are anxious to have the fight come off as early as possible?"

"Yes; I don't see what is to be gained by delaying it?"

"On your arrival at Liverpool will you proceed direct to London?"

"Yes; it is most essential that I should go immediately to London."

Mitchell was also interviewed, and spoke hopefully of Kilrain's chances in the coming fight with Smith. He said Kilrain was in the very best possible form; that Kilrain went through a regular course of training on the promenade deck of the *Aurania* during the voyage, for which privilege they were much obliged to the courteous officers of the steamer.

Mitchell was asked what he thought of the coming fight between McAuliffe and Carney for the light-weight championship of the world. He said he could scarcely venture to offer an opinion. Both men were hard fighters, and he could not choose between them. He regretted very much to hear of McAuliffe's illness, which had necessitated a postponement of the match. He was likewise sorry to hear Jim Smith had injured his leg last week during a boxing bout with Jim Young.

SPORTING NOTES.

Rumors and Realities of Athletic Amusements Fully Reported.

Jack Fallon, of Brooklyn, heavy-weight pugilist, will attempt to knock out six men, heavy-weights, a new man each night, at the Casino, Hoboken, during the week commencing Oct. 10.

W. D. Sullivan, the sporting editor of the *Boston Globe*, was married Wednesday to Miss Alice White Hayward. Among the wedding presents was a pot of fifteen gold eagles from Sullivan's office mates.

Amateur billiard champions Alexander Newburger and Mr. Barnard, of Sexton's and Daly's rooms respectively, are to be matched to play a home and home cushion carom match early in November for a \$100 emblem.

The English champion sprinter, C. G. Wood, sailed for home on the *Umbrina* on Sept. 29. Champion Walker Clarke and the vaunter, Tom Ray, were about town with Wood the night before. Wood returns on account of injuries to his foot.

Coney Island Jockey Club's gate receipts for twenty-two days' racing in June and September show a total amount of \$150,946.50, or an average of nearly \$7,000 a day. In accordance with the provision of the Ives law the club has paid to the State Comptroller \$7,547.34, five per cent of this amount.

Johnny Ward, of the New York Baseball Club, is credited with having said on his last visit to Pittsburgh that if he could get \$5,000 for the season and his release from the Giants he would just as soon play at Pittsburgh as elsewhere. It is reported that the deal for Ward's purchase by the Pittsburgh management is still under consideration.

Prior to the departure of Jack Kilrain, the champion pugilist of America, for England with his trainer, Charley Mitchell, Billy Madden was presented by Kilrain and Mitchell with an elegant and costly gold, diamond-studded locket. He was also the recipient of a gold Victoria Jubilee Medal from "Pony" Moore, Charley's father-in-law. Should Kilrain be successful in his battle with Smith, it is probable that Madden will manage him during a tour of the States upon his return.

Mrs. W. Hawley, the wife of Professor Billy Hawley, the well-known Western pugilist, recently found one of those rare lucky stones found in the gold and silver mines on the Pacific Slope. She had it painted red, white and blue, and forwarded to Richard K. Fox, at the *Police Gazette* office, from Omaha, to be put in the ring in Jack Kilrain's (the American champion's) corner when he fights the English champion. The stone is the size of a walnut, and is a composition of quartz the shape of a horseshoe. It was forwarded in a box with the following:

TO MR. JACK KILRAIN,

Wishing him good luck.

COMPLIMENTS OF

MRS. PROF. BILLY HAWLEY.

OMAHA, NEB.

The prize-fight between Jack Dempsey, the middle-weight champion of America, and Johnny Reagan, the well-known pugilist, for \$1,000 a side and the "Police Gazette" diamond belt, representing the middle-weight championship of America, will be one of the most obstinate and determined battles ever fought during the past decade—that is, if both men are properly trained and enter the orthodox twenty-four foot ring in first-class condition. Dempsey has never yet met with defeat; he has proved himself a phenomenon, and engaged in over thirty well-contested battles, and fought for larger stakes than any light or middle-weight pugilist ever contended for in the roped arena. If pugilists are to be judged by their records, then Dempsey should win, because he has had more experience than Reagan and figured in ten times as many battles. Again it must be understood Dempsey has been sick; he met with an unfortunate accident and had his arm broken, and no matter how great a man may be a broken arm or a broken limb may not be considered just as strong as ever. This may or may not be the case. However it is a well known fact that the pugilist who has had his arm broken cannot put the same dependence in it or use it with the same freedom as if it had never been broken, and he is always wary about hitting hard for fear it may be fractured again. Dempsey, however, is confident of winning the coming battle and so are his backers, but on the other hand Reagan's friends are just as confident, and they will wager a large amount on his chances. Reagan, it must be allowed has made a quick but well-earned reputation; he is young, muscular, and takes the best of care of himself; besides, he is very popular and made for himself a legion of friends. His backer, Billy Reid, foreman of Richard K. Fox's press rooms, places implicit confidence in the Seventh Ward boxer's ability, and will, on the day of the battle, back him with a few \$100 bills. The match reminds one who is posted on prize ring chronology of the great battle between Sam Collier and Billy Edwards, August, 1868. Collier had won the light-weight championship, he had beaten Barney Aaron, Johnny McGlade and Race Bolster and was at that time looked upon as a phenomenon. Billy Edwards was a novice and only engaged in a few glove fights, but he was matched to fight Collier for \$2,000 and the championship of light-weights. Every one judged that Collier, owing to his successful performances in the prize ring, would easily defeat Edwards. Many supposed that the then youthful aspirant for fistie honors would not have the ghost of a show, and Collier was made a heavy favorite. The battle was fought. Edwards proved himself a wonder, and won the championship on his maiden essay in the ring. History repeats itself, and who knows but that, with Dempsey several months under the weather, and with a broken arm, may not have to lower his colors to the youthful rising young boxer. Time will tell; nevertheless, those who witness the battle will see a protracted contest, for Dempsey is an artist, and so is Reagan. Dempsey holds the Richard K. Fox diamond belt, which represents the middle-weight championship, and he will battle as long as he can stand up to defend it, while Reagan will contend until exhausted nature causes him to succumb, for he is eager to win and wear the championship emblem.

The correspondent of the "Morning News," Paris, has interviewed Richard K. Fox, the backer of Jack Kilrain, in reference to the latest particulars of the international prize fight between Jack Kilrain and Jim Smith for the "Police Gazette" diamond belt, \$10,000 and the championship of the world. Here is what the correspondent writes:

Mr. Richard K. Fox, the backer of Jack Kilrain in the coming great international fight, is now in Paris. He comes from London with fresh and grateful memories of his reception at the Pelican Club and elsewhere. The proprietor of the *Police Gazette* and *Illustrated Sporting World* is staying at the Grand Hotel. His visit to Paris has no direct reference to the coming fight—which we may at once say is certainly—the details of which are left to the clever hands of Mr. W. E. Harding, who is the responsible agent of Mr. Richard K. Fox, in an event which is of as great importance to the art of self-defense as the production of a new opera would be in the musical world.

Richard K. Fox is a plunger, and a knowing one. Originally a Belfast man, he has been able to raise a popular American paper to the point of such a fabulous circulation that people are bound to confess that if he when he crossed the Atlantic he fell amongst smart men, he has found few smarter than himself. Mr. Fox, in his interview with the representative of THE MORNING NEWS showed that he was fully alive to the importance of an international pugilistic event which has only one precedent—that being the fight between Heenan and Tom Sayers, the only occasion on which England and America have come to blows since the eventful day upon which the latter country wrong her independence from the mastery of the "right little island."

"Yes," said Mr. Fox, warmly, "I am proud of this fight. Do not believe a word of those who say that it is a mere advertising job. The diamond belt is worth \$500 in good English money, and I shall give Jack Kilrain \$1,000 to back himself. I may as well tell you at once that I am prepared to double the stakes if Jim Smith's backers are willing. For my part, if Kilrain wins

the fight I will make him a present of all the money. I think you must say that our combination beats the Heenan and Sayers combat to bits, seeing that the fight was only for £200 a side."

Asked whether the fight would take place in France, Mr. Fox drew up and declared that there must be no shuffling or interference this time. Spain was mentioned as the likely arena of the Kilrain and Smith fight. But the clauses of the challenge are, of course, not binding. One of these stipulates that the combat shall take place within 100 miles of Madrid. All this is kept secret. "I should like personally," said Mr. Fox, "that the fight should take place in America. I offered Jim Smith \$1,000 to cross the Atlantic. For some reason he did not accept it. Gibraltar has been mentioned as the trying place, and one kind friend has recommended the semi-neutral island of pheasants near St. Jean de Luz. Where monarchs have met to patch up royal marriages and to arrange the affairs of Europe, honest prize fighters may struggle for the world's belt, the symbol of superiority between Jim Smith and Jack Kilrain."

Suffice it to say, however, Mr. Fox has too much upon his mind to dwell upon prize ring preliminaries. He will leave Europe on the first of October by the *Etruria*. The business of the *Police Gazette* is no sinecure. It has been in existence a matter of fifty years, and its circulation is 200,000 a week. Mr. Fox is the John Corbett of New York. He may be "a bird of freedom" for a month or two; but this personal supervision is the life and soul of his paper, and he is naturally hankering to get back to the grinding stone which has brought him over a million dollars.

"The fact is," he added with warmth, "I am 'on' for this championship. To show you that I mean business, just look at this draft on Brown, Shipley & Co., for £2,000. I am prepared to lay that bit of 'fimsy' on the head of my man."

"Have you seen Jim Smith?"

"Yes, and I fully recognize his points. You have got the advantage of me over his legs, for to tell you the truth I have not seen them. But I can imagine them, and I have no disposition to vilipend the other side."

"What about Sullivan?"

"Well, they say that he is 'out of the hunt' since he broke his arm, apart from other and by no means unimportant reasons. On this subject I must be reticent. But if you will go to the Grand Hotel you will find, with my authorization, the copy of a cablegram sent last night to my New York office, in which I say substantially that should Jack Kilrain beat Jim Smith I am prepared to back him against Sullivan for \$10,000 to \$20,000. I should like you to put that down, because it is a matter on which I am very explicit. The American papers have been very talkative of late about a series of sparring expeditions, which, I suppose, are intended to cloud Kilrain. Well, of course, anybody is entitled to his own show, and every man can be his own champion if he likes. I do not lay much stress, however, upon these wondrous projects. A prize fighter does not make his money by big fights only. The curiosity of the public is always excited by exhibitions of muscular activity in which the actors are the celebrities of the ring. This has nothing to do with the great issues at stake, which amount to the championship of the two hemispheres."

"Do you think that the public interest in prize fighting is as great as ever?"

"Well, I don't know what may be the amount of excitement over the noble art on this side of the Atlantic, although I can guess it from what I saw in London. The English aristocracy will always provide a certain number of patrons of the ring. The Marquis of Queensberry and Sir John Astley do not stand alone in their advocacy of something far higher in tone than the 'pink' and pistol shooting of French duellists. As far as America is concerned all I can say is this: I speak as a hardened newspaper proprietor. When this great fight comes off I shall sell just half a million copies of my paper, and perhaps more. Who shall say that the English-speaking race forgets its 'mawleys' when it lands on the shores of America and breathes the air of the United States? May the Fates decide that the great battlefield of the future shall be the prize ring! France, Germany, and Russia might then fling up their respective sponges and leave the world to the valor of flatstick. Tapping claret is better than torpedo warfare, and the 'broad-basket' is a citadel which may be attacked without increasing the national debt. It is certainly false moralism to accept wholesale bloodshed as allowable and to turn up the whites of the eyes over a good old 'mill,' which is the ideal of a fight between man and man, in which there are neither knives or six-shooters. Possibly my diamond belt is the finest war indemnity of the century."

In conclusion, Mr. Fox stated that in the coming fight every arrangement will be made to keep out anythingavoring of the "riff raff" element. There will be no fear of rope-cutting or ugly rushes. The audience will be limited to just 100 spectators, 50 on each side, each of those paying £50 for his share in the day's proceedings. The press, will, of course, receive a limited number of invitations. "Mum," however, will be the great word of the situation. The man who is fortunate enough to be classified with the initiated will have to be prepared to receive a telegram in the dead of the night requesting him to take the first train to some Spanish ball. Pistols and fobs are winked at in France, but the sight of a stand-up fight would shock the vigilant gendarme and upset the appellate of French judicial procedure. As a supplement to the above interview it may be useful to add that here in Paris Jim Smith is the decided favorite in the great coming fight. The fact is that friend Jim has been seen at work, and his performances at Malou Laffite and the Nouveau Cirque have made him popular. It only remains to be seen who will be the conqueror in the first tournament. The *Morning News* will keep its watchful eye upon the combatants and keep its readers well posted up in the signs and symbols of victory. May the shades of Heenan and Sayers defend the right!

RUBBER GOODS.

ARTICLES DE CAOUTCHOUC.
Protecteurs d'habit pour les dames. Prix, 50 cents;
2, 30 cents.
Porte-allumettes pour les messieurs. Prix, 25 cents;
3, 30 cents.
Protecteurs d'habit, et 3 Porte-allumettes, \$1.
IMPORTING COMPANY, Lock Box 104, Oswego, N. Y.

YOU CAN DO IT
with safety by using my double, strong rubber protector for mailing purposes. Beware of cheap goods: 1 for 75c.; 2 for \$1; 6 for \$3. No stamps taken.
Box 433, Shenandoah, Pa.

The Gem Protector, Pat. Jan. 4, '87. Infringement prosecuted. Sample free. Circulars for sale. Agents wanted. J. A. MACKENZIE, Box 345, Jersey City, N. J.

DRY GOODS.

LOVELY COMPLEXIONS! Dover (N. J.) Lady writes: "I find Dr. CAMPBELL's safe Arsenic Complexion Wafers to be all that is claimed for them, therefore I take pleasure in recommending them; please send two more boxes." By mail, \$1. Depot, 146 West Sixteenth St., New York. All druggists.

Important to Ladies. By sending on your address, we will send our illustrated catalogue of French styles of underwear, free.
OSTERWEIS BROS., 6th Ave and 31st St., New York.

PERSONAL.

BEAUTY WAFERS!—PARISIAN (N. J.) Lady writes: "Please send me another box Dr. CAMPBELL's Beauty Wafers. I am very happy to state that they have improved my complexion wonderfully." By mail, \$1. Depot, 146 West 16th St., New York. All Druggists.

ARE YOU MARRIED? If you are not, you should join this society, which pays its members \$500 to \$1,000 at marriage. Circulars free. N. W. MUTUAL ENDOWMENT SOCIETY, Box 846, Minneapolis, Minn.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

Mucous discharges, eruptions of all kinds speedily removed by the N. E. Medical Institute's Nervous Debility Pills, \$1 per box, 6 for \$5. Sent postpaid.

Boys and Men wanted as detectives everywhere. \$8 a day. A. D. A., P. O. Box 313, Jersey City.



A BAIR-FACED OUTRAGE.

THE GREAT DRIVER AND TRAINER OF MAUD S. IS STOOD UP BY A GANG OF HIGHWAYMEN ON THE BELMONT TRACK, PHILADELPHIA.



FRED MAY'S CLOSE CALL.

THE SWELL NEW YORKER WHO IS THE TERROR OF FIFTH AVENUE DUDES GETS IN A ROW WITH COL. MIKE DUFFY OF NEW ORLEANS.



THEY SHUT OFF THEIR AIR.

AND THEN, AFTER ENDURING GREAT TORTURE, THE MUTINOUS CONVICT MINERS AT COAL CREEK, NEAR KNOXVILLE, TENN., SURRENDERED.



JOSEPH R. LEWIS,
DEPUTY GAME WARDEN OF THE STATE OF MAINE.



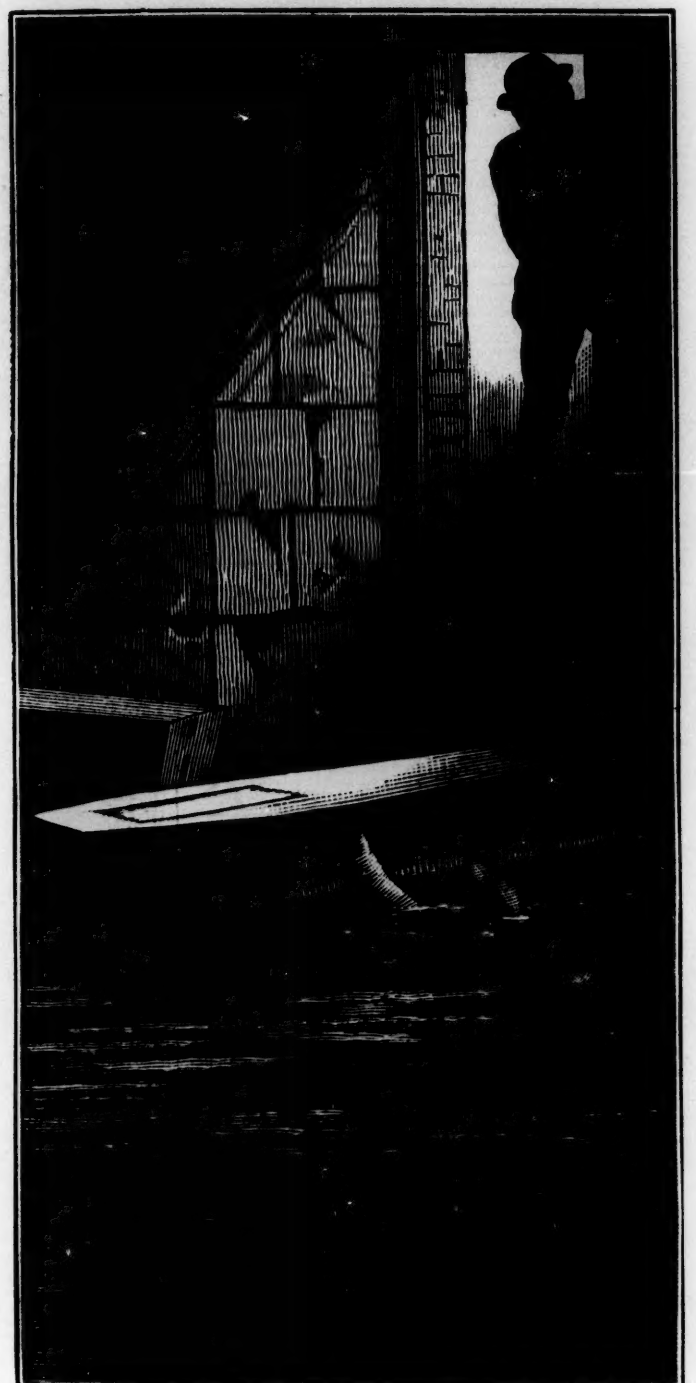
THE PIRATES WERE GAME.
CITY MARSHAL MAHANNY OF CAIRO, ILL., HAS A DESPERATE
TUSSELE WITH A PARTY OF NOTORIOUS DESPERADOES.



IT WAS A "SHE."
CHARLES KELLY, ARRESTED FOR BURGLARY NEAR PRINCETON, IND., TURNS OUT UPON EXAMINA-
TION TO BE CLARA KING.



THE DARKEY SQUEALED.
HOW A FASHIONABLE PASTIME AT GUNNISON, COL., CAME TO AN UNTIMELY AND INGLORIOUS END,
THROUGH AN ACCIDENTAL GOOD SHOT.



THEIR BONES AFLOAT IN SEWAGE.
THE BURIAL VAULTS OF ARISTOCRATIC PHILADELPHIANS IN-
VADED BY THE CONTENTS OF A SCHOOL DRAIN.

The firemen's tournament at Genesta, Iowa, will be noted for many a day, for the A. H. Smith hose-running team of Clinton, Iowa, beat all records in hose racing by running 200 yards in 31 seconds. The Clinton team was composed of Jerry Keefe, James Keefe, Clint Van Sant, Mike Maloney, James Cunningham, Dave Rupert, Ed. Burke, John Burke, Will Hall, Thos. Williams, Will Doherty, Mike Rowan, Jas. Kennedy, Mart Delaney, Thos. Price, and H. R. Dexter. The conditions were to run 100 yards, lay 300 feet of hose, break and make couplings. The Smith team ran eleven men on the line; fifteen in all. On August 31, 1887, at Maquoketa, Iowa, they made the remarkably fast time of running three hundred yards, laying three hundred feet of hose, breaking couplings and attaching nozzle in 42 seconds.

CURE FOR THE DEAF.

PECK'S PATENT IMPROVED CUSHIONED EAR DRUMS PERFECTLY RESTORE THE HEARING and perform the work of the natural drum. Invisible, comfortable and always in position. Conversation, even whispers, heard distinctly. Send for illustrated book of testimonials. Free. F. Hiscox, 853 Broadway, N. Y.

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\$250 EVERY MONTH
1,000 LIVE AGENTS WANTED
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Diseases of men a specialty. Moderate charges and honorable treatment. Address or call on N. E. Medical Institute, 24 Tremont Row, Boston, Mass.

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POKER New System Marked Playing Cards, Pack, 25c., \$1 & \$1.25. Strippers, same price. Sealed samples, 4c. Henry & Co., Cleveland, O.

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POSITIVELY YOU CAN GET THE BEST GOODS FOR THE LEAST MONEY IN

LADIES' AND MEN'S FURNISHING GOODS

By writing for our illustrated catalogue (sent free).
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HEALTH AND STRENGTH REGAINED.

COPIES FREE.

YOUNG AND MIDDLE-AGED MEN and others who suffer from nervous and physical debility, exhausted vitality, premature decline, etc., are especially benefited by consulting its contents. Everything such sufferers wish to know is fully given in its pages. If in need of medical aid or counsel, read it before "doctoring" or investing in medicines or appliances of any description, and you will save time, money and disappointment. If using medicine or medical treatment of any kind, read it and learn the better way.

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Now is the time to apply, as you may not see this notice again. Send your address on postal card to-day, naming this paper.

EXHAUSTED VITALITY.

A GREAT MEDICAL WORK FOR YOUNG AND MIDDLE-AGED MEN.



KNOW THYSELF.

PUBLISHED BY THE PEARBODY MEDICAL INSTITUTE, No. 4 Bond St., Boston.
Mass. WM. H. PARKER, M. D., Consultant-Physician. More than one million copies sold. It treats upon Nervous and Physical Debility, Premature Decline, Errors of Youth, Exhausted Vitality, Lost Manhood, Impaired Vigor and impurities of the Blood, and the untold miseries consequent thereon. Contains 300 pages, substantial embossed binding, full gilt. Warranted the best popular medical treatise published in the English language. Price only \$1 by mail, postpaid, and concealed in a plain wrapper. Illustrative sample free if you send now. Address as above. Mention this paper.

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"FRENCH FUN." "A musical bed," "A French watering place," "Which was the madman," "Had no fun in him," "Urged to try again," "How they did it," "Where the fun came in," "She called it cream," set of six rare pictures, colored, ten samples of gilt-edge transparent playing cards, set of imported pictures. I will send all the above to you for \$1; 3 sets of all the above, \$2.
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A SILENT PROTECTOR.
Price, 50c.; 3 for \$1.7 for \$2, or \$3 per dozen, with samples of other goods. Well sealed by mail.
W. SCOTT, 80 Nassau Street, New York.

HUSBAND WANTED
I am 25 years of age, height 5 feet 8, weight 150 pounds, have a turn-up nose and am plain-looking. I wish to marry a good, honest, affectionate man. On our wedding day I will give my husband \$5,000 in cash, and one year later, if we are still living together, I will make over to him the balance of my property which consists of \$10,000 in government bonds and twice that amount in real-estate. No milk-and-water man need answer, etc. Send 10c. silver for illustrated paper giving the above advertisement (complete) and 200 similar advertisements. Address Publisher CLIMAX, Chicago.

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For other advertisements see 11th page.

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INVALIDS AND OTHERS

SEEKING

Health, Strength and Energy

SHOULD

AVOID DRUGS, SECRET MEDICINES, ETC.,

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"The Review," or Health and Strength Regained,

AN ILLUSTRATED JOURNAL

Published for Their Benefit.

It Treats on Health, Hygiene, Physical Culture and Medical Subjects,

And is a complete Encyclopedia of information for suffering humanity afflicted with long-standing, chronic, nervous, exhausting or painful diseases. Every subject that bears on health and human happiness receives attention in its pages, and the many questions asked by ailing persons and invalids who are despaired of a cure are answered, and valuable information is volunteered to all who are in need of medical advice. No similar work has ever been published. Every sick or ailing person should have it.

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THE FIRST NIGHT. A one act play. 24 pages, 50c. All the above goods, \$1.
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"BARBERS RECEIPT BOOK"
600 RECEIPTS—SECRETS—TRADE MARKS—Etc.
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YOU CAN GET "THE MAGIC WAND," An illustrated book of 310 pages. Price 50c. Transparent cards (53) with colored views. Price 50c. Our set of 9 photographs (cabinet), beauties. Set, 30c. Our set of 20 photographs (card), beauties. Set, 20c. Ivory (cham) photo views magnified 1,000 times. 25c. All of the above goods complete for \$1 bill.

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Collection of pieces of poetry and prose, entitled, "Adventures of a Newly Married Couple;" "A Bashful Man's Experience on His Wedding Night," "What Tommy Saw Under the Parlor Door;" "The Nightingale;" "How To Do It," and 7 others. Reduced to 25c. Box 55, Jersey City, N. J.

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**PARISIAN ATTRACTIONS on a Small Space," "The Night Piece," "Did It For Love," "The Bachelor's Bedroom," "A Model Love Letter," "How to Flirt," "How to Kiss," and nine others, 50c.
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HOW SHE FELT IN HER FIRST CORSET, etc. A Western Gem. Best thing out. Cloth 50 cents. Paper 25 cents.
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J. J. UNSWORTH, Lewiston, Maine.**

"Mand's Confession," "The Maiden's Dream" with photos, 15c. Box 345, Jersey City, N. J.

For other advertisements see 11th page.

Wines and Liquors of all kinds made at trifling cost; book, 50c. Bartender's Guides, new edition, new drinks, 50c. and \$1. Box 55, Jersey City, N. J.

Night emissions, waste in the urine permanently cured. Use Nervous Debility Pills, \$1 per box, 6 for \$5. N. E. MED. INST., 24 Tremont Row, Boston.

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BOOKS—"All about Girls," "Chicago by Gaslight," "Memento of Blushful Doing It," 30c. each. All for \$1.00. Address The Welcome Guest, Chicago, Ill.

"Mand's Letter to Jennie," with photo, 12c.; "How to Make Love," 30c. Garden City Nov. Co., Chicago.

"I'LL AWAIT MY LOVE," and 180 other popular songs for 10c. Address FOXIE, Cobleskill, N. Y.

Something New. (20) Favorite Cowboy songs, with music, 10c. Supply Agent, Lock Box 625, Greeley, Col.

BOOKS: Photos! Etc. Send 2c. stamp for catalogue. C. CONROY, 10 Duane St., N. Y. Established 1853.

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Too funny for anything! 14 spirited pictures, "before and after marriage," 20c. Box 345, Jersey City, N. J.

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The Largest Establishment in the World for their Treatment. Facial Development, Hair and Scalp, Superfluous Hair, Birth Marks, Moles, Warts, Mollusks, Freckles, Wrinkles, Red Nose, Acne, Pimples, Black Heads, Scars, Pitting, etc., and their treatment. Send 10c. for book of 50 pages, 4th edition.
Dr. JOHN H. WOODBURY, 27 North Pearl St., Albany, N. Y. Established 1872. Inventor of Facial Appliances, Springs, etc. Six Parlors.

A CLEAR COMPLEXION!—CEDAR STREET, Lowell (Mass.) gentleman writes: "Please send me more of Dr. CAMPBELL'S Arsenic Complexion Wafers; I have taken six bottles of — a sarsaparilla, but two boxes of your Wafers have done me more good than the whole six bottles of — a 'belly wash.' Original letter at depot, 146 West 16th St., New York. By mail, \$1. All druggists.

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YOUTHFUL VIGOR restored by using the famous Nervous Debility Pills; \$1 per box, 6 for \$5. N. E. MED. INSTITUTE, 24 Tremont Row, Boston, Mass.

HEAVY MUSTACHE in 30 days guaranteed. \$1 size on trial, 25c.; 5 for \$1.
L. HENRY, 277 Lake St., Chicago.

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PROPRIETARY ARTICLES.

A SURE CURE OR NO PAY.

OUR MAGIC REMEDY

WILL POSITIVELY CURE ALL SYPHILITIC
DISEASES OF RECENT OR LONG
STANDING IN FROM FIVE
TO TEN DAYS.

NO OTHER REMEDY ON EARTH

Will in All Cases Cure This Disease.

We will give Written Guarantees to cure any case of Syphilis in any stage or refund your money. And we would say to those who have employed the most skilled Physicians, used every known remedy and received no benefit, that you are the subjects we are looking for, you that have been to the Celebrated Hot Springs, have been humbugged so many times. We say to you and to those who have lost all hope of recovery, that we have a Remedy, unknown to any one in the World outside of our Company, and one that has NEVER FAILED to cure the most obstinate cases in less than one short month. Seven days in recent cases does the work. It is the old chronic deep-seated cases that we solicit. We have cured hundreds who had been abandoned by Physicians, and pronounced incurable, and we challenge the World to bring us a case that we will not cure in less than one month.

Since the history of medicine a true specific for Syphilis has been sought for, but never found until our MAGIC REMEDY was discovered, and we are justified in saying it is the only Remedy in the World that will positively cure, because the latest Medical Works, published by the best known authorities, say there was never a true specific before. Our Remedy is the Only Medicine in the world that will cure when everything else has failed. It is not a New Thing, but new to the world, having been guarded for years with the utmost secrecy, and offered to the public at large only a year ago. Why waste your time and money with patent medicines that never had virtue, or doctor with physicians that cannot cure you? You that have tried everything else should come to us now and get permanent relief: you never can get it elsewhere. Mark what we say, in the end you must take our Remedy or NEVER recover, and you that have been afflicted but a short time should by all means come to us now, not one in ten of new cases ever get permanently cured. Many get help and think they are free from the disease, but in one, two or three years after, it appears again in a more horrible form.

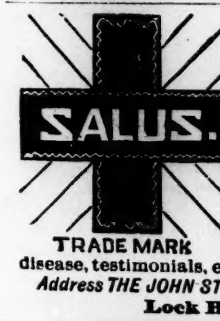
All we ask is a trial. DO NOT FORGET THAT WE GUARANTEE A CURE OR NO PAY. No Specialist or Physician will do this. You know from past experience, if you are one of the afflicted. These Physicians know they have no remedy with which they can cure all Chronic Cases of Syphilis and will as matter of course, say it is impossible to effect a permanent cure. But we defy any of them to bring us a case that we will not cure permanently in a shorter time than is required for the most recent cases with any other known remedy in the world.

Investigate our financial standing through the Mercantile Agencies and note that we are fully responsible and our Written Guarantees are good. We have a REMEDY prepared on purely scientific principles, and we wish to repeat that it NEVER FAILS TO CURE. All letters sacredly confidential.

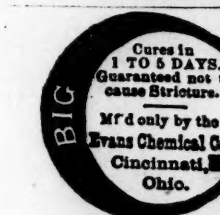
THE COOK REMEDY CO. & DISPENSARY,
Rooms 16 and 17 Hellman Building, OMAHA, NEB.



**TARRANT'S EXTRACT OF
CUBES AND COPAIBA**
Is an old, tried remedy for gonorrhea, gleet and all diseases of the urinary organs. Its neat, portable form, freedom from taste and speedy action (it frequently cures in three or four days and always in less time than any other preparation) make "Tarrant's Extract" the most desirable remedy ever manufactured. To prevent fraud, see that each package has a red strip across the face of label, with the signature of TARRANT & CO. N. Y. City, upon it. Price, \$1.00. Sold by all druggists.



**STERLING'S
ROYAL REMEDY**
A positive cure for
SYPHILIS
—any stage—Syphilitic Rheumatism and all syphilitic manifestations.
Send for Treatise,
Mailed free to any address containing essay on the disease, testimonials, etc. Every letter confidential.
Address THE JOHN STERLING ROYAL REMEDY CO.,
Lock Box 47, Kansas City, Mo.



Big G
Cures in
1 TO 5 DAYS.
Guaranteed not to
cause Stricture.
Mfg only by the
Evans Chemical Co.,
Cincinnati,
Ohio.
We cordially recommend
your G as the best remedy
known to us for Gonorrhea
and Gleet.
We have sold considerable,
and in every case it
has given satisfaction.
Alcott & Lisk,
Hudson, N. Y.
Sold by Druggists.
Price \$1.00.

Kidney and all Urinary Troubles quickly
and safely cured by Docuta Sandalwood, in seven
days: avoid imitations: buy Docuta, it is genuine. Full
instructions. Price, \$1.50: half boxes, 75c. All druggists.

Mental and Physical Prostration. Complete cure
by using the Nervous Debility Pills: \$1 per box, 6
for \$5. N. E. MED. INST., 24 Tremont Row, Boston.

AMUSEMENTS

The Proper Study of Mankind is Man.
Know Thyself. Just published, (pocket edition),
either in English, Spanish or German, a series of lec-
tures addressed to Youth, Manhood and Old Age, as
delivered at the Museum, or to those unable to attend
sent free, by mail, to any address on receipt of 25 cents
in postage stamps. Address Secretary New York Mu-
seum of Anatomy, 708 Broadway, New York.

**Emissions and Waste stopped by using our Nervous
Debility Pills: \$1 per box: 6 for \$5, postpaid.
N. E. MED. INST., 24 Tremont Row, Boston, Mass.**

For other advertisements see 11th page.

MEDICAL.

ERRORS OF YOUTH.

Sufferers from Nervous Debility, Youthful Indiscre-
tions, Lost Manhood,

BE YOUR OWN PHYSICIAN!

Many men, from the effects of youthful imprudence,
have brought about a state of weakness that has re-
duced the general system so much as to induce almost
every other disease, and the real cause of the trouble
scarcely ever being suspected, they are doctored for
everything but the right one. Notwithstanding the
many valuable remedies that medical science has pro-
duced for the relief of this class of patients, none of
the ordinary modes of treatment effect a cure. During
our extensive college and hospital practice we have
experimented with and discovered new and concen-
trated remedies. The accompanying prescription is
offered as a **certain and speedy cure**, as hundreds
of cases in our practice have been restored to perfect
health by its use after all other remedies failed. Per-
fectly pure ingredients must be used in the preparation
of this prescription.

R.—Erythroxylon coca, 1/2 drachm.
Jerebabin, 1/2 drachm.
Helonias Dioica, 1/2 drachm.
Gelsemin, 8 grains.
Ext. Ignatie amara (alcoholic), 2 grains.
Ext. Lepandra, 2 scruples.
Glycerin, 4.

Mix.
Take one pill at 3 p. m., and another on
going to bed. In some cases it will be necessary for
the patient to take two pills at bedtime, making the
number three a day. This remedy is adapted to every
condition of nervous debility and weakness in either
sex, and especially in those cases resulting from im-
prudence. The recuperative powers of this restora-
tive are truly astonishing, and its use continued for a
short time changes the languid, debilitated, nerveless
condition to one of renewed life and vigor.
As we are constantly in receipt of letters of inquiry
relative to this remedy, we would say to those who
would prefer to obtain it from us, by remitting \$1,
a securely sealed package containing 60 pills, carefully
compounded, will be sent by return mail from our
private laboratory, or we will furnish 6 packages,
which will cure most cases, for \$5.
Address or call on

NEW ENGLAND MEDICAL INSTITUTE,
24 Tremont Row, Boston, Mass.

EARLY DECAY.

YOUTHFUL INDISCRETION (self-abuse or excess) re-
sults in complaints such as LOSS OF MEMORY, SPOTS
BEFORE THE EYES, DEFECTIVE SIGHT, HEARING AND
TASTE, NERVOUSNESS, WEAK BACK, CONSTIPATION,
NIGHT EMISSIONS, LOSS OF SEXUAL POWER, ETC., ETC.

ALL MEN, YOUNG AND OLD, suffering from
these afflictions, lead a life of misery.
A LINGERING DEATH, the reward of their ig-
norance and folly, causes many to contemplate and
even commit suicide, and large numbers end their
days amidst the horrors of INSANE ASYLUMS.
FAILURE IN BUSINESS AND THE RUINATION OF HOMES are
frequently the results of ERRORS OF YOUTH.

WILL YOU BE ONE OF THE MILLIONS num-
bered with these thousands of unfortunates? Or will you
accept **A CURE**
and be your own physician? Medicine alone never did
and never will cure the diseases resulting from self-
abuse. If you will have a Remedy that is Perfection,
as well as Cheap, and so Simple you can doctor your-
self, send your address, with stamp for reply, and I will
mail you a description of an instrument worn at
night, and this NEVER FAILS TO CURE.
DR. JAS. WILSON, Box 154, CLEVELAND, OHIO.
MENTION THIS PAPER.

WEAK MEN!

Whose VITALITY is falling, Brain DRAINED and
EXHAUSTED, Power ATTERED, WASTED,
ED may find a perfect and reliable cure in the
FRENCH HOSPITAL REMEDIES
originated by Prof. JEAN CIVIALE, of Paris, France.
Adopted by all French and being rapidly and
successfully introduced here. All weakening losses and
drains promptly checked. TREATISE giving news-
paper and medical endorsements, etc., FREE. Consulta-
tion (come or by mail) with prominent doctors F. R.
CIVIALE AGENCY, No. 174 Fulton Street, New York

SEXUAL POWER

Positively and Permanently Restored in 2 to 10 days,
effects in 24 hours; almost immediate relief. No
nauseating drugs, minerals, pills or poisons, but the
delicious **MEXICAN CONFECTION**, composed of
fruits, herbs and plants. The most powerful tonic
known. Restores the Vigor, Snap and Health of
youth. Sealed Book free, giving full particulars. Ad-
dress SAN MATEO MED. CO., P. O. Box 481, St. Louis, Mo.

ELECTRIC BELT FREE.

To introduce it we will give, free of charge, a few of
our German Electro Galvanic Suspensory
Belts, Price \$5 a positive unfailing cure for Nervous
Debility, Varicose, Emissions, Impotency, &c.
ELECTRIC AGENCY, P. O. Box 178, Brooklyn, N. Y.

WEAK Without Stomach Medicines.

Lost Vigor and Manhood Restored. Per-
fect restoration assured by the Marston
Belt. Sealed Treatise free on application.
MARSTON CO., 19 Park Place, New York.

VITAL TABLETS

are pronounced by
physicians as magi-
cal in invigorating nerve force and
manhood. \$1.00 a box by mail. Sure Cure.
STANDARD REMEDY CO., 71 Randolph St., Chicago, Ill.

TO WEAK MEN

suffering from the ef-
fects of youthful er-
rors, early decay, lost
manhood, etc. I will send a valuable treatise (sealed)
containing full particulars for home cure, free of
charge. Address Prof. F. C. FOWLER, Modus, Conn.

MY ELECTRIC BELTS AND SUSPEN- SORY CURE

nervous debility, loss
of manhood, weakness of body and
mind, youthful errors, weak back.
Write for book on Manly Vigor, free.
DR. W. YOUNG, 200 Hudson St., N. Y.

LADIES,

Dr. Caton's French Regula-
tion Pills never fail. Try them.
Always insure regularity; safe
and effectual. Far superior to errot, pennyroyal,
oxide or Tansy. \$1 per package mailed, plain and well
sealed, by Dr. R. F. CATON, Box 5257, Boston, Mass.

"HARMLESS, SURE AND QUICK."

COMPOUND EXTRACT COPAIBA, CUBES AND IRON.
Is a certain and speedy cure. Price \$1 by mail. At the
OLD DRUG STORE, 2 First Avenue, corner Houston
Street, New York, and by druggists generally.

CONSUMPTION

throat and bron-
chial troubles cured.
A late discovery. Sample bottles free with treatise
containing directions for home treatment. Give express
office. Dr. Wm. F. G. Noetting & Co., E. Hampton, Ct.

SEXUAL POWER REGAINED.

Sufferers from
all Private diseases, youthful errors, &c., can be fully
and quickly restored. Home cure. Send for 32-page
book FREE. DR. D. H. LOWE, Winsted, Conn.

MAGIC INVIGORATOR

Strengthens weak and undeveloped parts, increases
sexual power and gives new life to those exhausted.
Safe and sure. By mail, \$1.
DR. R. F. CATON, Box 5257, Boston, Mass.

TO THE AFFLICTED of either sex. Female

Weakness, Manhood Lost, and every condition
of Nervous Debility, etc. Address with 2c. stamp,
Moody & Co., Leesville, Middlesex Co., Conn.

Dr. Fuller's Youthful Vigor Pills.

For lost
manhood, impotency and nervous debility: \$2, sent
by mail. DR. FULLER, 420 Canal St., N. Y.

For other advertisements see 11th page.

JEWELRY.

18k SOLID ROLLED GOLD RINGS!

To introduce our fine Jewelry to New
Customers, we will send the following
Rings at the special prices, quoted, which are about one-fourth the regular price charged in jewelry stores.



We warrant each and all of the above Rings to be 18k Solid Rolled Gold. With each Ring we send our
Illustrated Catalogue of Watches and Jewelry. We give grandeur value for less money than any other
firm in America. Address W. Hill & Co., Wholesale Jewelers, 140 W. Madison St., Chicago.

18k. SOLID ROLLED GOLD RINGS

SOLD BY
J. LYNN & CO., 769 Broadway, New York.
Entered, according to Act of Congress, by J. Lynn & Co., New York,
in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington, D. C., 1887.



**18k. Solid Rolled Gold
SLEEVE BUTTONS.**
These Buttons come in one
hundred different patterns,
including Gold Stone, Tiger
Eye, Jeweled Centers, etc.
Each pair is worth two dol-
lars, but we send a pair, by
mail, to any person for
Twenty Cents.

We warrant all the above rings and buttons
to be best 18k. Solid rolled Gold. Money will be
cheerfully refunded if goods are not exactly as
we represent them. These rings are regular one
and two dollar goods, but we send any or all of
the above at the special prices given under each
article, in order to introduce our great illustrated
catalogue of jewelry, which will be sent free
with the rings. Postage stamps taken the same
as cash. Goods sent to any Post Office in the
United States, but no goods sent to Canada.
Mention this paper and address your orders to
J. LYNN & CO., 769 Broadway, NEW YORK.

GOLD WATCHES FREE

We will present a Solid Gold Watch
(Lady's or Gentleman's) worth \$75 to
the person telling us the longest verse in the
Bible before Dec 15th. If there be more
than one correct answer the second will get a
Solid Gold Watch worth \$50; the third a Solid Silver
Watch worth \$25; each of the next 25, if there be so many
correct answers, will receive a
Silver-Nickel Watch of
excellent workmanship, warranted.
Send 14 two-cent stamps
with your answer, for which we will
send you a Pretty Leather
Purse, spring clasp, suitable for
either lady or gentleman, containing
an ELEGANT RING made of 18k.
Rolled Gold Plate; also a Beautiful
Christmas Card and our
stitches in Fancy Work, &c., and a 13p treatise fully illustrated,
giving full instructions in the fascinating and money-making art
of making Artificial Flowers, &c. from seeds.
Paper. This is one of the grandest offers
ever made but we anticipate that the sales
from our Catalogue
of Specialties will be
more than repay us.

YALE SILK WORKS, DRAWER 36, NEW HAVEN, CONN.

MEDICAL.

Dr. Taylor's English Female Regulating
Pills are safe and always reliable. Never fail.
Superior to snuff, eye or tansy pennyroyal, &c. \$1 by
mail. C. A. DREES, Druggist, Buffalo, N. Y.

CATARRH

positively cured by the great
German Remedy. Sample
package and book for 4 cents
in stamps. E. H. Medical Co., East Hampton, Conn.

MAGNETINE

Enlarges ANY part of body,
increases sexual power and
cures impotency by external use or money returned.
Price \$1, postpaid. G. YATES, Box 282, Jersey City, N. J.

OPIUM

Perfection strengthens, enlarges and de-
velops any portion of the body. Price \$1. N. E.
MED. INST., 24 Tremont Row, Boston, Mass. (Copyrighted)

FRENCH

Secret, also one for developing the form
and regaining sexual power, free for 12c.
in stamps. Address: L. HENRY, 377 Lake Street, Chicago.

PRIVATE Troubles

and Weakness from
abuse or excess. Male or female. Treatise free.
Address DR. WARD & CO., 307 N. 10th St., St. Louis, Mo.

Impediments to marriage

removed by using our
Nervous Debility Pills: \$1 per box: 6 for \$5, postpaid.
N. E. MEDICAL INSTITUTE, 24 Tremont Row, Boston, Mass.

Dr. Fuller's Pocket Injection with Syringe

combined. Cures stinging irritation and all urinary
diseases. \$1. All Druggists. Depot 429 Canal St., N. Y.

FREE BOOK, sealed: sexual ailments cured with- out medicine. Address U. S. INSOLE Co., Chicago.

LAWYERS

Divorce Law of Illinois. Legal advice free. Send
stamp. Cornell & Spencer, 161 Randolph St., Chicago.

For other advertisements see 11th page.

NEW WATCH! JUST OUT!



The above cut represents my fine, new, imitation gold Hunt-
ing-Case Watch. The cases are made of a metal that resembles
18k GOLD; they are not polished, but are ENGRAVED
TURNED, as it is called. They are also artistically engraved.
They are finished with the best substitute for genuine gold ever
discovered, and even experts are puzzled to tell that they are not
SOLID GOLD. They have the celebrated anchor lever move-
ment, compensation balance, full-jeweled, and have the appearance
of a \$75 WATCH. Being accurate time keepers they are
suitable for use on railroads, steamers and all other places where
a good, serviceable watch is required.

GEORGE W. DAY,
20 Liberty Street, New York City.

A GRAND OFFER!

Solid Rolled Gold Rings almost
GIVEN AWAY!



The above cuts represent six of the latest and most popular designs
manufactured in the ring line. The prices we name here are so
simply to introduce our goods. We guarantee each of the above
rings to be made of Solid 18k. Rolled Gold Plate. Other dealers
charge from \$1.00 to \$1.50 for rings not half as good. We will
cheerfully refund the money to any dissatisfied customer. With
each ring we send our Large Illustrated Catalogue of Watches,
Chains, Charms and other Jewelry. We take postage stamps the
same as cash. Rings sent post-paid to any postoffice in the United
States but not to Canada. Mention this paper. Send your address to
The Domestic Mfg. Co., Wallingford, Conn.

PHOTOGRAPHS.

**JOHN WOOD, the Theatrical and Sport-
ing Photographer,** 28 Bowery, N. Y., can furnish
portraits from life of all the champions, including John
L. Sullivan, Jack Dempsey, Frank Herald, Ned Hanlan,
John Teemer, Jem Smith (champion of England),
Richard K. Fox, besides 400 other famous amateur and
professional athletes. Every sporting salon should
have the full set. Send stamps for catalogue.

**Health, Energy and Vigor restored by our famous
Nervous Debility Pills, \$1 per box, 6 for \$5.
N. E. Medical Institute, 24 Tremont Row, Boston.**

PHOTOS Our set of three Cabinets, from
Nature, sent sealed, \$1. Sample
50c. TOGA NOVELTY CO., Box 1251, Philadelphia, Pa.

**100 Photos—Actresses in Costume, 25c. (stamps),
9 others, a surprise, beauties, 25c.
IMPORTING CO., Jersey City, N. J.**

**10 LOVELY Actresses' Photos, perfect beauties,
10c.; 3 sets, 25c. Western Supply Co., St. Louis**

**40 Photos—Sure to suit, 10c. Lover's Package, 10c.
NOVELTY CO., Latham, Ohio.**

**Art Studies, New and nice, 5x8, highly colored,
Set of 4 for 25c. Box 55, Jersey City, N. J.**

**Set of Six Pretty French Girls, 15c.; 12, 25c.
Catalogue 2c. Lock Box 345, Jersey City, N. J.**

100 Stage Beauties, 25c. Box 345, Jersey City, N. J.

Set of 2 funny cabinets, 25c. Box 345, Jersey City, N. J.

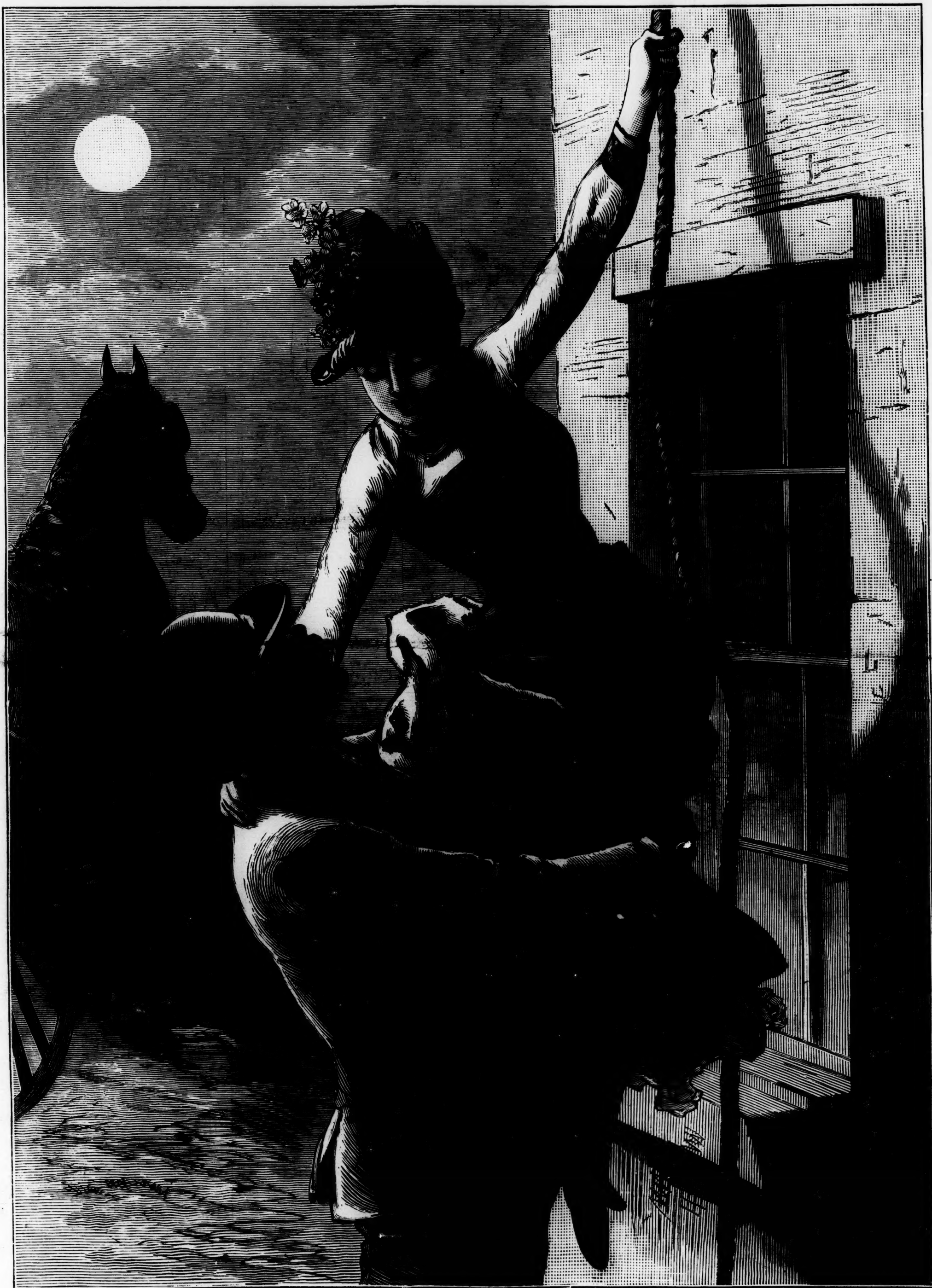
30 photos (card) 10c. Box 55, Jersey City, N. J.

CARDS.

**Decay, debility, consumption. Thousands of cases
cured by our Nervous Debility Pills, \$1 per box, 6
for \$5. N. E. MED. INST., 24 Tremont Row, Boston.**

**53 TRANSPARENT CARDS, 50c. 2 for 80c.
30 Photos free with above.
NOVELTY CO., Box 1254, Oswego, N. Y.**

For other advertisements see 11th page.



GONE WITH A COON.

LILLIAN MORRIS, AN ACCOMPLISHED MAIDEN OF HAMMONVILLE, PA., ELOPES WITH A GENTLEMAN OF COLOR.